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The non-cinemagoer's guide to good films

IF ANY TWO CRITICS agreed in their list of the six best films of 1956 we might feel more diffidence than we do in offering one that perhaps differs in some respects from all of them. We are not critics. We just make films. Our choice is strictly partial.

Not being critics is not the same as being uncritical. We have, in fact, rather exacting standards. Have we made this film as well as we know how? Does it do what it set out to do? Is it good entertainment—as measured by the merciless yardstick of the box-office?

By being precisely what they were meant to be—first class entertainment—these six films contribute to the prosperity of the British film industry. And this is part of the prosperity of the country, bringing in foreign currency, helping full employment. Surely everybody wishes it!

Yet the production side of this industry, besides bearing the tax burden common to all industries, must *in addition* see its potential receipts from exhibition cut, by Entertainment Tax, by nearly one third. The best film making, the most massive box-office figures, are powerless to ensure prosperity under these conditions. Fine films will go unmade, dollars unearned, studio productivity will be lower than it could be, while Entertainment Tax remains at 31%. Its reduction is as important to non-cinemagoers as to anyone else.



"A Town Like Alice" will never be forgotten for the matchless performance of Virginia McKenna as a woman whose courage shone through dark years of hardship and endurance. It is a story that speaks nobly for Britain—and for humanity.



"Reach For The Sky", the life story of Douglas Bader, played by Kenneth More. Over 13,000,000 people in the U.K. alone have already applauded its warmth, its humour, its honesty—and it is destined to inspire millions more as it makes its triumphant progress around the world.



"Up In The World" re-affirms Norman Wisdom as the screen's number one comedian in a tailor-made comedy that has the pace, invention and lavish staging that true slapstick demands. It will make the whole world laugh—for Norman speaks an international language.



"Checkpoint" is a high-powered adventure set against the exciting background of an Italian motor race, and stars popular Anthony Steel. Once again authentic locations—superbly photographed in Eastman Colour—provide a spectacle that only the screen can present.



"The Spanish Gardener" brings the Spain of A. J. Cronin's famous novel to the screen in the full beauty of VistaVision and Technicolor. Dirk Bogarde, one of Britain's top box-office favourites, heads a distinguished cast in a production of truly international appeal.



"The Battle Of The River Plate"—honoured as the Royal Performance Film of 1956, acclaimed by record-breaking crowds at the Odeon, Leicester Square, has fully justified the confidence of its makers, who travelled halfway across the world to ensure its authenticity.

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for the film we could not afford to make because the money to finance it went in Entertainment Tax.



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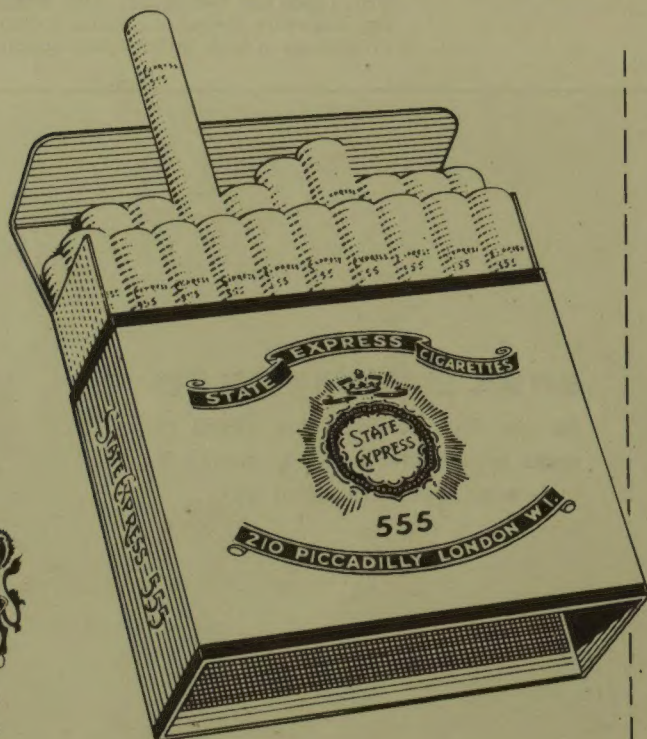
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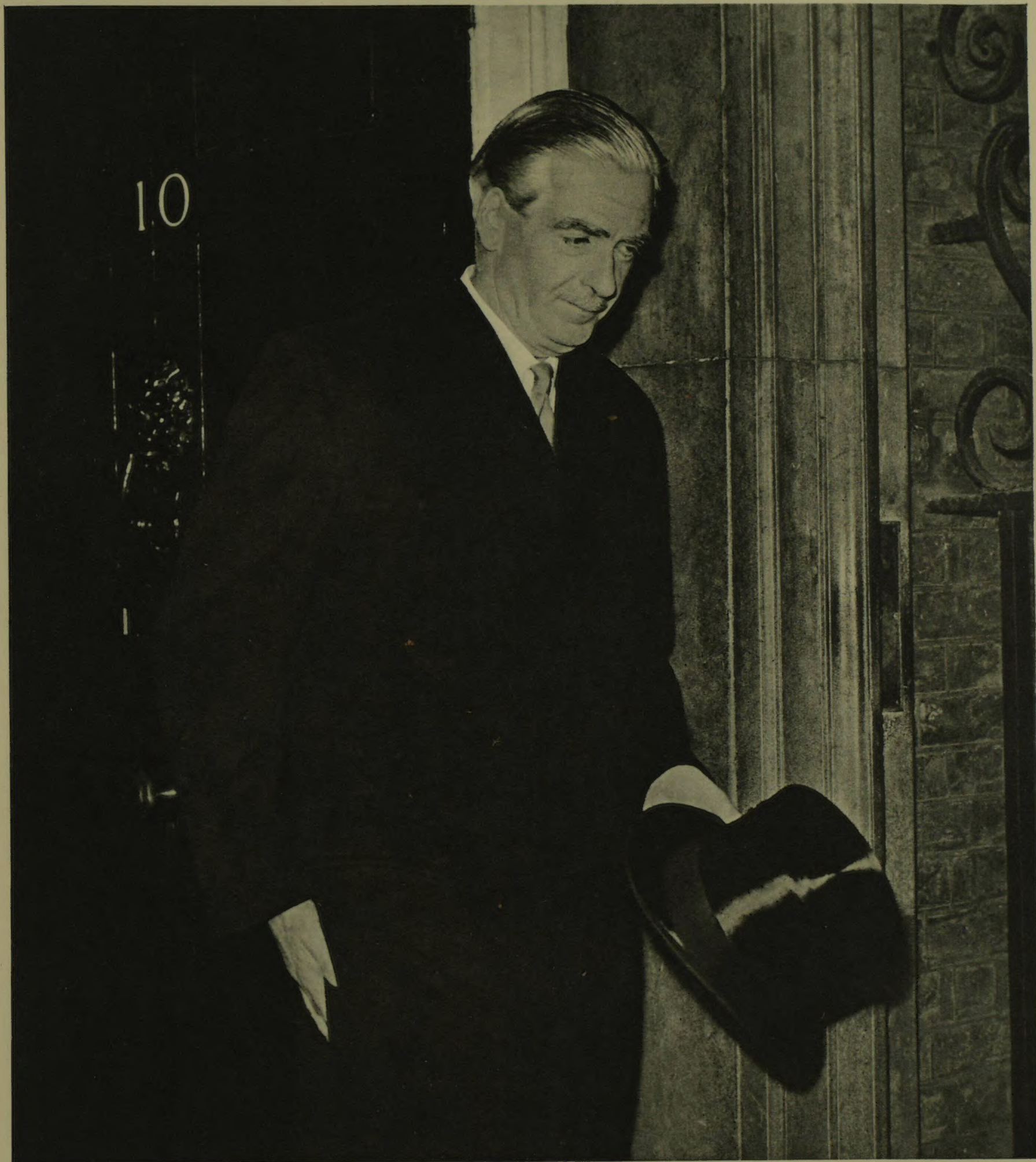
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SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1957.



A TRAGIC AND UNEXPECTED DECISION: SIR ANTHONY EDEN LEAVING NO. 10 TO TENDER TO THE QUEEN HIS RESIGNATION AS PRIME MINISTER, ON JANUARY 9, ON THE GROUNDS OF ILL-HEALTH.

On January 8 Sir Anthony Eden had an audience with the Queen at Sandringham; and, returning to London on January 9, called a Cabinet meeting for the afternoon. The Queen, meanwhile, had returned to London; and shortly after 6 p.m. Sir Anthony had a further audience with her Majesty at the Palace. At 7 p.m. it was announced that the Prime Minister had tendered his resignation, which the Queen had accepted. In a later statement, Sir

Anthony said: "When I returned to this country a month ago I hoped that my health had been sufficiently restored to enable me to carry out my duties effectively for some considerable time. That hope has not been realised." A bulletin signed by four doctors spoke of "a recurrence of abdominal symptoms" and concluded "In our opinion his health will no longer enable him to sustain the heavy burdens inseparable from the office of Prime Minister."



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

SOMETIMES I am tempted to think that in our aggregate capacity we, as a nation, are going mad. So much that we do, though apparently logical in its individual details, adds up to make nonsense when considered as a whole. This, I suspect, is because two things have happened simultaneously during the past thirty or forty years. The class which, with all its faults—those of any aristocracy, though I doubt if in history there has ever been a better—was endowed and trained for political power has lost both its wealth and power. As a result we no longer possess a reservoir of men used from an early age to exercising broad judgment and decision from which to draw talent available for the service of the State. However offensive the existence of a privileged class may seem to a mind solely concerned with the abstract ideal of equal justice, it is hard to exaggerate the practical advantages in a free community of training men for the day-by-day exercise of authority; in the delicate art of handling their fellow men so as to get from them the maximum voluntary response—an art as delicate and as much dependent on training and experience as the riding of a racehorse—and the ability to weigh and see decisions in all their aspects before acting. Our traditional English system of primogeniture and of widespread local delegation of authority proved of incalculable value in training our former ruling class for leadership; a man who had learnt in his 'teens and early manhood to help manage his father's estate, to pick a gamekeeper, to deal with an unjust steward, to humour an employee with a grievance or investigate a tenant's requests had already served an apprenticeship in the elements of statesmanship.

As long as there was a plentiful supply of men so trained, willing and able to serve the State without the spur of monetary reward—for they were already endowed—the nation had a wide field of aptitude for its business from which to select men of talent qualified by experience. To-day the field of such privileged and trained entrants to politics is pitifully small, and the choice of talent within it correspondingly smaller and, indeed, almost negligible. The vast majority of members of Parliament are neither endowed nor specially trained for the exercise of judgment and authority; they are expected by us to subsist, over and above their Parliamentary emoluments, out of company directors' fees or trade union salaries or out of professional earnings at the Bar or in journalism; and, in their overcrowded, harried lives, they are forced to live and think from hand to mouth. They mostly neither can afford, nor are they used, to take long views. They tend, therefore, to legislate in blinkers; their eyes are fixed, not on the horizon

ahead, but on the ground immediately under their feet. Anyone following their policies and political strategy over the years is left with a growing sense of frustration; so many of their projects, except purely Party ones, end in frustration and defeat; they seem, and we with them, like men running backwards in a dream. The story of our post-war policy in the Middle East provides a melancholy illustration of this; we have set off, first in one direction, then in another, but never seem to arrive where we intend. And the United States' policy, or lack of it, has been even more sterile than our own. The intentions of the great democracies have been admirable, but their human mechanism for long-term planning at the highest level sadly defective.

Side by side with this elimination of our former "ruling class"—and it must be remembered that it was never an exclusive one—has gone another development: the uncontrolled growth in power of an executive working in blinkers. So long as ultimate direction was provided by a political class trained to rule, the British Civil Service was by far the most efficient in the world; it did not evolve policy, but carried it out with unrivalled efficiency and, what is even rarer in government, integrity. The hand on the rein was practised and sure, and the steed matchless. To-day the administrative horse too often seems riderless. What is more, each separate part of our administrative machine has been given almost unlimited power, and yet there is an almost complete lack of co-ordination between the different parts. One part, using unlimited statutory powers, devises one policy, and another, also with unlimited statutory powers, renders it impossible for that

policy to be carried out. The public pays for service—and in calculating the cost the sky is the limit—but is not served.

An example of this administrative chaos comes from the county of Dorset—the scene, only recently, of the Criche Down scandal. At the end of the war there was much talk of planning England's land so that our limited and densely-populated space should be used to the maximum public advantage and not be frittered away in an anarchy of conflicting and incompatible private interests. An Act of great complexity and expense was hurried through Parliament to ensure that it was so planned. Certain areas were scheduled for urban and industrial development; others, our legislators and administrators decided, were to remain rural. Among the latter was the predominantly agricultural and what is called "amenity-value possessing" county of Dorset. Yet not only, in total disregard of these plans and of the powers of those entrusted with carrying them out, has the War Department, dishonouring its own wartime promises, insisted on retaining for military purposes and on excluding the public from large areas of southern Dorset and the Dorset coast, but to-day a new Public Authority—that entrusted with the development of atomic power—is insisting on taking over a further area of South Dorset and the Dorset coast for the purposes of an atomic research station. "It is in this wider context," those opposing this project—the Dorset Land Resources Committee—write in their appeal for public support for a more balanced use of our already over-urbanised soil, "that the issue of

Winfrith Heath becomes important. Is it good planning? Will it diminish, in the long run, the specific contribution which Dorset can make to the pattern of the national economy? Why should the immediate conveniences of the site to the Atomic Research people override the greater advantages to the nation of establishing this centre in Central Wales, or Anglesey, which are known to be eager for its advent to these regions of dwindled economic vitality? ... The ... members of the Dorset Land Resources Committee ... fully realise its importance, but are not convinced that it is in the national interest to allow this county, which has already made great sacrifices of land to the service departments, to be dislocated by the chain-reaction which will follow the use of Winfrith Heath for this purpose. They fear that, inevitably, the result will be a fundamental deviation from the County Development Plan, as confirmed by the Minister, and that the predominantly agrarian and rural character of the county will be distorted. They are further far from convinced that the danger to the county's water-supplies will not prove acute, since no survey exists of the total water available from the resources

of Dorset, nor are estimates available for the mounting demands on them by the public and private water-procuring bodies during the next twenty-five years. They are alarmed by the evasive way in which the long-term danger of discharging radioactive effluent into St. Aldhelm's Bay has been minimised. ...

"It will be seen that all these fears are based on the probability of cumulative long-term effects and that they will make little impression on people who are impatient for immediate advantages and believe that to-morrow and the day after can look after themselves. But such shortsighted views are not excusable in a densely-populated country fighting for its economic existence. There are many of us who believe that as an industrial country Great Britain must face far-reaching changes, some of which may indeed be aided by the use of atomic power, but that the need to feed and clothe our people to an increasing extent from our own soil and raw materials may become acute as our power to buy from abroad recedes. This is underlined by the recently enhanced agrarian policy of the present Government, which is not aimed so much to subsidise farming as to guarantee the proper and fuller use of the land for agriculture, forestry and rural industries. The prosperity of our traders and industrialists must rest on this agrarian foundation; we cannot afford to neglect our land, and proper planning of its use is a cardinal issue." In fifty years' time, I believe, the full—and, as I believe, tragic—implication of these warning words may be recognised. At present I fear they will not, and that we shall continue to proceed, like the Mad Hatter's Tea-party, in destroying first one corner of a dwindling rural England and then another, until in the end nothing remains of it at all.

THE FUNERAL OF LIEUTENANT MOORHOUSE.



THE PROCESSION TO THE GRAVESIDE AT LAWNSWOOD CEMETERY, LEEDS: BORNE BY TWO SERGEANT-MAJORS AND SIX COLOUR-SERGEANTS THE COFFIN IS CARRIED TO ITS PLACE WITH SIX OF LIEUTENANT MOORHOUSE'S BROTHER OFFICERS ACTING AS PALL-BEARERS.

Thousands of people gathered in the streets of Leeds when the funeral of 2nd Lieutenant Anthony Moorhouse, kidnapped and killed in Port Said, took place on January 10. After Requiem Mass at St. Anne's Cathedral, where there was a congregation of more than 1500, Lieutenant Moorhouse was buried with full military honours in Lawnswood cemetery. More than 100 members of his regiment, The West Yorkshire Regiment, provided the military escort, and a firing party fired a salute of three volleys, and two buglers sounded Last Post and Reveille.

SIR ANTHONY EDEN'S CAREER: HIGHLIGHTS, 1923—1957.



THE YOUNG MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT: SIR ANTHONY EDEN IN 1923, THE YEAR OF HIS FIRST MARRIAGE AND HIS ELECTION AS CONSERVATIVE MEMBER FOR LEAMINGTON, THE CONSTITUENCY HE CONTINUED TO REPRESENT THROUGHOUT HIS POLITICAL CAREER.



THE PARLIAMENTARY UNDER-SECRETARY, FOREIGN OFFICE, AN OFFICE HE HELD FROM 1931 TO 1933, AFTER A PERIOD (1928-29) AS PARLIAMENTARY PRIVATE SECRETARY TO THE FOREIGN MINISTER, SIR A. CHAMBERLAIN: SIR ANTHONY IN 1933 WITH SIR JOHN SIMON (LEFT), THE FOREIGN MINISTER.



THE LORD PRIVY SEAL—AN OFFICE HE HELD IN 1934 AND 1935, THOUGH WITHOUT A SEAT IN THE CABINET: SIR ANTHONY EDEN *EN ROUTE* FOR A PARIS CONFERENCE ON GERMANY.



IN THE CABINET FOR THE FIRST TIME—AT THE AGE OF THIRTY-EIGHT—AS MINISTER WITHOUT PORTFOLIO FOR LEAGUE OF NATIONS AFFAIRS: SIR ANTHONY DURING THE ABYSSINIAN CRISIS, 1935.



AT THE TIME OF HIS RESIGNATION IN 1938 ON THE QUESTION OF APPEASEMENT OF THE DICTATORS: SIR ANTHONY EDEN LEAVING THE FOREIGN OFFICE—AN ACTION WHICH IN MANY WAYS SET THE STAMP ON HIS CAREER

(Left.)
FOREIGN SECRETARY FOR THE FIRST TIME, DURING THE TROUBLED YEARS OF 1935 TO 1938, WHEN HE WAS ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST PROMINENT STATESMEN.

(Right.)
DOMINION SECRETARY, THE POST HE HELD FROM SEPTEMBER 1939 TO MAY 1940 IN THE FIRST WAR-TIME GOVERNMENT.



THE MINISTER OF WAR—AN OFFICE HE HELD FOR A FEW MONTHS ONLY IN THE MIDDLE OF 1940, BUT HIS FIRST OFFICE UNDER SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL: SIR ANTHONY EDEN AT A NORTHERN IRELAND INSPECTION.



AFTER A SERIOUS ILLNESS AND THREE MAJOR OPERATIONS: SIR ANTHONY EDEN, THEN FOREIGN SECRETARY AND DEPUTY PREMIER, IN 1953, THE YEAR OF HIS SECOND MARRIAGE.



AS THE WORLD WILL ALWAYS THINK OF HIM: IN THE FOREIGN OFFICE, A POST HE HELD THREE TIMES, 1935-38, 1940-45, AND 1951-55. A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING THE WAR WHEN HE WAS SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL'S RIGHT-HAND MAN.

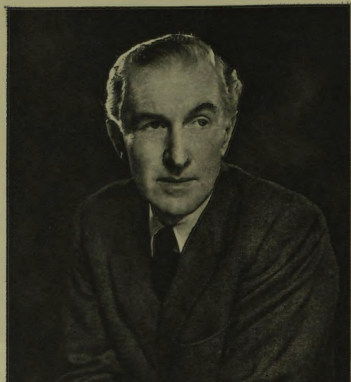


THE BRIEFLY HELD CROWN OF A BRILLIANT CAREER: SIR ANTHONY EDEN IN APRIL 1955, WHEN HE SUCCEEDED SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL AS PRIME MINISTER UNTIL HIS RESIGNATION THIS MONTH.

The political career of Sir Anthony Eden began in 1922, when he unsuccessfully contested Spennymoor, in Co. Durham, but made its first stride forward in 1923, when he was elected Conservative member for Leamington, the constituency he continued to represent throughout his career. From that point forward it presents a picture of continuous achievement and integrity, the highlights being indicated in the photographs we have reproduced above,

two aspects alone being omitted: the military, which was of great distinction and won him the Military Cross; and the academic (Eton and Christ Church, Oxford) which was crowned with a First in Oriental Languages. He was in the Opposition from 1929 to 1931 and from 1945 to 1951, and he was out of office from his resignation in 1938 to the outbreak of war. For the rest of his career he was more or less directly concerned with Foreign Affairs.

CONTINUITY AND CHANGE IN MR. MACMILLAN'S IN A "DOWN TO



APPOINTED AS SECRETARY OF STATE FOR SCOTLAND:
MR. JOHN SCOTT MACLAY.
Mr. MacLay, who is fifty-one, is a new member of the Cabinet. He replaces Mr. James Stuart. He was formerly Minister of State, Colonial Office, and was Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation, 1951-52.



SECRETARY OF STATE FOR COMMONWEALTH
RELATIONS: THE EARL OF HOME.
The Earl of Home, who is fifty-three, remains as Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations, a post he has held since April 1955. He had been previously Minister of State, Scottish Office, since 1951.



CHANCELLOR OF THE DUCHY OF LANCASTER:
DR. CHARLES HILL.
Dr. Charles Hill, who is fifty-two, is a new member of the Cabinet. He replaces the Earl of Selkirk. He will also be responsible for the co-ordination of Government information services. Previously Postmaster-General.



MINISTER OF HOUSING AND LOCAL GOVERNMENT AND MINISTER
FOR WELSH AFFAIRS: MR. HENRY BROOKE.
Mr. Henry Brooke, who is fifty-three, replaces Mr. Duncan Sandys as Minister of Housing and Local Government, and Major Lloyd-George as Minister for Welsh Affairs. He is a new member of the Cabinet.



SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS:
MR. SELWYN LLOYD.
Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, who is fifty-two, remains as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, a post he has held since December 1955. He was previously Minister of Defence from April to December 1955.



CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER:
MR. PETER THORNEYCROFT.
Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, who is forty-seven, replaces Mr. Harold Macmillan as Chancellor of the Exchequer. He had previously been President of the Board of Trade since October 1951.



MINISTER OF EDUCATION: VISCOUNT HAILSHAM.
Lord Hailsham, who is forty-nine, is a new member of the Cabinet. He replaces Sir David Eccles as Minister of Education. He was previously First Lord of the Admiralty, a post he had held since September 1956. As Mr. Quintin Hogg, he was M.P. for Oxford City, 1938-50.



MINISTER OF POWER: SIR PERCY MILLS,
A LEADING INDUSTRIALIST.
Sir Percy Mills, who is sixty-seven, is the first occupant of a newly-created Ministry, the Ministry of Power. He is to receive a peerage and sit in the Lords.



MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE, FISHERIES AND
FOOD: MR. D. HEATHCOAT AMORY.
Mr. Heathcoat Amory, who is fifty-seven, remains as Minister of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food, which post he has held since April 1955.

ON the evening of January 13, H.M. the Queen received Mr. Macmillan in audience and approved his first list of ministers, whose portraits and appointments appear on these two pages. The new Cabinet is smaller by one than the previous Cabinet and has a slightly lower average age (fifty-two as against fifty-three). Its new members are Mr. MacLay, Mr. Brooke, Lord Hailsham, Sir Percy Mills, Mr. Harold Watkinson and Dr. Charles Hill who as well as his Duchy of Lancaster duties will be responsible for the co-ordination

CABINET: NEW MEN AND NEW APPOINTMENTS BRASS TACKS" TEAM.



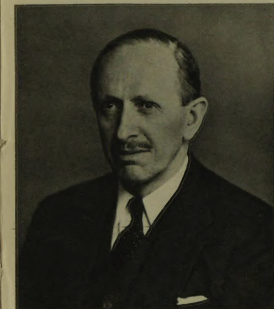
MINISTER OF TRANSPORT AND CIVIL AVIATION:
MR. HAROLD WATKINSON.
Mr. Harold Watkinson, who is forty-six, remains as Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation, a post he has held since December 1955, but he now holds Cabinet rank.



APPOINTED PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE:
SIR DAVID ECCLES.
Sir David Eccles, who is fifty-two, replaces Mr. Peter Thorneycroft as President of the Board of Trade. He had previously been Minister of Education since 1954.



APPOINTED MINISTER OF LABOUR AND NATIONAL SERVICE:
MR. IAIN MACLEOD.
Mr. Iain Macleod, who is forty-three, remains as Minister of Labour and National Service, a post he has held since December 1955. He had previously been Minister of Health from 1952-55.



LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL: THE
MARQUESS OF SALISBURY.
Lord Salisbury, who is sixty-three, remains as Lord President of the Council. He will continue to lead the House of Lords as he has done since 1951.



SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES:
MR. ALAN LENNOX-BOYD.
Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd, who is fifty-two, remains as Secretary of State for the Colonies, which post he has held since 1954.



MINISTER OF DEFENCE: MR. DUNCAN SANDYS.
Mr. Duncan Sandys, who is forty-eight, replaces Mr. Anthony Head as Minister of Defence. He was previously Minister of Housing and Local Government, a post he had held since October 1954.



LORD CHANCELLOR: VISCOUNT KILMUIR.
Lord Kilnair, who is fifty-six, remains as Lord Chancellor, which post he has held since October 1954. He was Sir David Maxwell Fyfe before he was created first Viscount Kilnair in 1954.

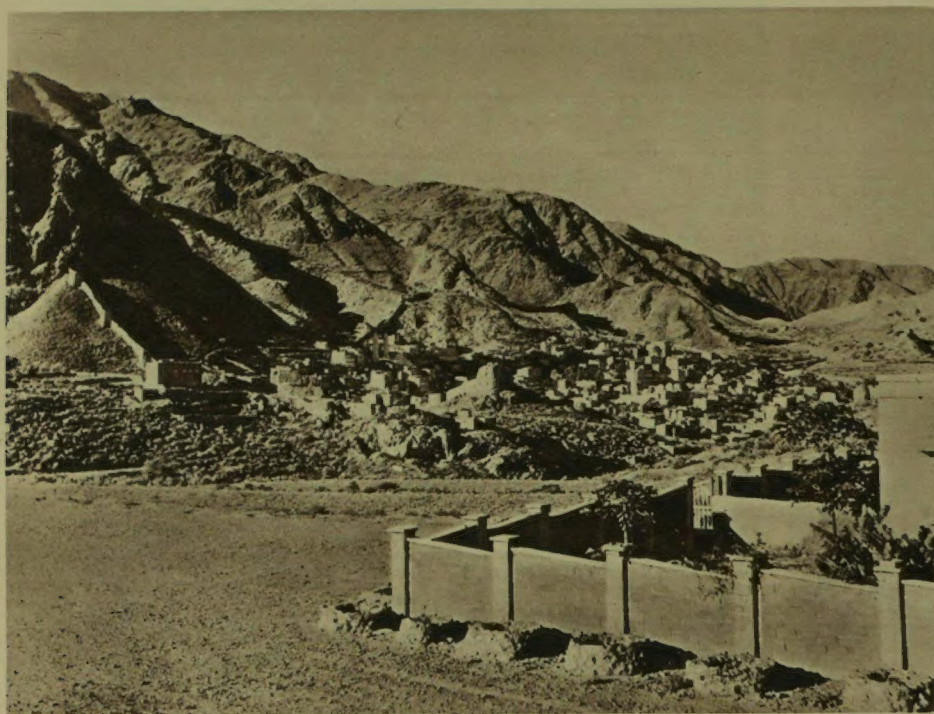


HOME SECRETARY: MR. RICHARD AUSTEN BUTLER.
Mr. R. A. Butler, who is fifty-four, replaces Major Gwilym Lloyd-George as Home Secretary, but, in addition, he remains Lord Privy Seal and Leader of the House of Commons, which posts he has held since December 1955.

of Government information at home and abroad. Lord Salisbury will continue to lead the House of Lords and Mr. Butler the Commons. The strongest links with the previous Government are Mr. Butler and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, whose retention has caused surprise in some quarters. The most striking novelty in the Cabinet is Sir Percy Mills' appointment as Minister of Power with very wide powers in respect of coal, gas, electricity, oil, iron, steel and

atomic energy. Sir Percy, who has no seat in the house, is to be given a peerage. He was called in by Mr. Macmillan in 1951 as honorary adviser on housing and played an important part in the achievement of the Conservative target of 300,000 houses a year. Mr. Thorneycroft, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, is thought likely to be a dominant character in the new Government and was a founder member of the Tory Reform Committee.

AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY ON THE RED SEA: THE KINGDOM OF THE YEMEN.



ONE OF THE TWO CAPITAL CITIES OF THE YEMEN, WHICH IS A SOVEREIGN STATE: TAI'ZZ, WHERE THE IMAM HAS HIS RESIDENCE.



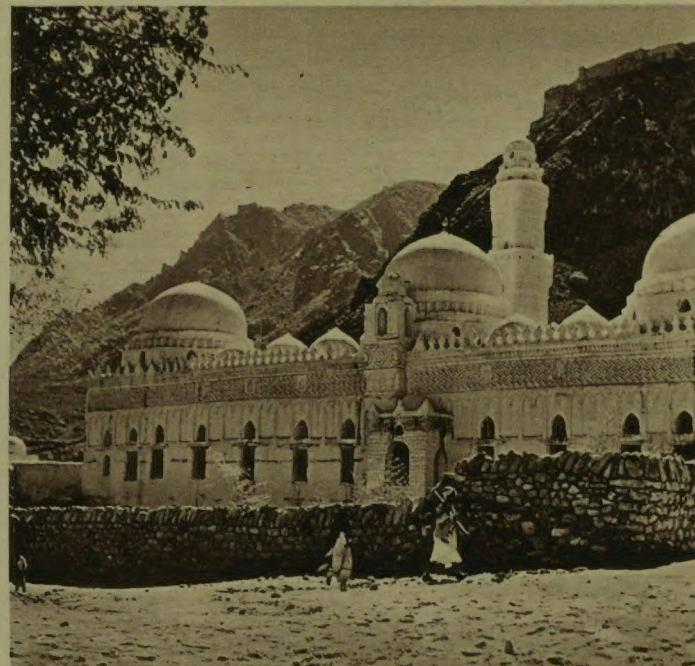
THE IMAM'S PALACE AT TAI'ZZ: THE CITY LIES 4,600 FT. ABOVE SEA-LEVEL AND IS QUITE CLOSE TO THE FRONTIER WITH THE ADEN PROTECTORATE.



THE HOSPITAL AT TAI'ZZ: THERE HAVE BEEN MOSCOW REPORTS THAT SOVIET DOCTORS WERE TO BE SENT THERE.



THE RULER OF THE KINGDOM OF THE YEMEN: H.M. IMAM AHMAD, WHO SUCCEEDED TO THE THRONE IN 1948.



THE "GREAT MOSQUE" AT TAI'ZZ, WHICH LIES AT THE JUNCTION OF SEVERAL TRADE ROUTES.



BELIEVED TO HAVE SUPPORTED THE FRONTIER TRIBESMEN IN THEIR RAIDS ACROSS THE FRONTIER: MEMBERS OF THE YEMENI REGULAR ARMY IN TRAINING.



INSPECTING THEIR TROOPS: HIGH-RANKING OFFICERS OF THE YEMENI ARMY GARRISON STATIONED IN THE CITY OF TAI'ZZ.

The Kingdom of the Yemen, at the southern end of the Red Sea, is an independent Sovereign State under the despotic rule of H.M. Imam Ahmad. For several weeks there has been greater friction than usual on the frontier between the Yemen and the Western Aden Protectorate, and reports from Cairo on January 12 announced that the Yemen had abrogated the Anglo-Yemen Treaty of 1934 and the agreement of 1951. This announcement came after Yemeni allegations that British troops and aircraft had attacked the

country across the Aden frontier. It seems likely that both Egyptian and Russian authorities are involved in these developments in the Yemen, and there have been reports that considerable quantities of Russian arms have been sent into the country. At the time of writing, the situation was far from clear, though there was news of further clashes on the frontier. It is believed that Yemeni troops have been assisting the local tribesmen in their raids across the frontier into the Aden Protectorate.

THE SCENE OF FRONTIER TROUBLES: THE YEMEN AND ADEN BORDER.



A TROUBLE SPOT IN THE MIDDLE EAST: THE BORDER BETWEEN THE YEMEN AND THE WESTERN ADEN PROTECTORATE SEEN IN A SKETCH MAP. THE FRONTIER LINE IS ILL-DEFINED AND PEOPLED BY TURBULENT TRIBESMEN.



AT THE CENTRE OF MUCH OF THE PRESENT UNREST: THE AMIR'S HOUSE AT DHALA, A VILLAGE TEN MILES FROM THE YEMEN FRONTIER.



ATTACKED BY YEMEN RAIDERS: THE VILLAGE OF DHALA, WHERE BRITISH TROOPS, INCLUDING A MOUNTAIN WARFARE TRAINING CENTRE, ARE STATIONED.



LOOKING FROM DHALA TOWARDS THE YEMEN FRONTIER. A FLIGHT OF THE ADEN PROTECTORATE LEVY CAMEL TROOP IS SEEN IN THE FOREGROUND.



ONE OF A CHAIN OF FORTRESSES THROUGHOUT THE ADEN PROTECTORATE HOUSING A LOCAL POLICE FORCE: THE GUARD FORT NEAR THUMIER.

The frontier between the Yemen and the Western Aden Protectorate was fixed by the Treaty of San'a in 1934, when it was agreed to maintain the *status quo* frontier as it was on the date of the signing of the treaty. In 1951 agreement was reached in principle to set up a joint commission to demarcate the frontier, but this agreement has never been put into practice owing to the attitude of the Yemen Government. Thus this mountainous and barren frontier area has continued to be the scene of unrest and of regular raids by the turbulent and primitive tribesmen who people it. Since Christmas there has been a marked increase in such raids by Yemeni tribesmen. Dhala,



THE ONLY ROUTE FOR MOTOR VEHICLES GOING TO DHALA: THE TORTUOUS EL NEGIL TRACK BUILT BY THE ARMY UP THE SHEER SIDES OF THE WADI.

ten miles from the frontier, is the nearest town to the Yemen, and has been a favourite target for these raids. Here about 400 British and Arab troops are stationed, and it is this small force which Yemeni accusations have named as being responsible for "major raids" into Yemeni territory. It appears that the Yemeni authorities are using the recent increase in frontier skirmishes as a pretext for a violent anti-British propaganda campaign. Reports are confused and contradictory, and against the conclusion that recent events are only an increase in the usual skirmishes, must be set the reports that the Yemen is preparing a full-scale campaign against the Aden Protectorate.

A PRIME MINISTER'S resignation must always be an event of high importance in our country. When it happens amidst, or as last week in the concluding stage, of a great political and international crisis its effects on the country and the outside world are even sharper and more widespread than otherwise. The immediate impression made by the departure of a national leader is coloured by sentiment, so that the estimate of the part he has played may differ in some ways from the verdict of history. Sir Anthony Eden has held the highest office for an exceptionally short period, only a year and nine months. For the moment all that occurred in this period before the Suez crisis is obscured by it in the public mind and still more so abroad. It was nearly all creditable to his leadership and judgment.

Policy generally works slowly. It is not easy to imagine a case in which a man who had been in office for a year and nine months would be adjudged a great Prime Minister. Where, however, a man has behind him a political career of over thirty years, including many years as Foreign Secretary in great and testing times, a sense of perspective is certain to develop among educated people at least—though accompanied by oblivion among the masses—and to spread attention to his qualities and his services as a whole. From this sort of examination it seems certain that Sir Anthony Eden will emerge with a high reputation as a statesman.

Let us try to anticipate this verdict, better balanced than either that framed in the appropriate sympathy for a man in ill health laying down his burden or that influenced by animosities due to opposition to his recent policy. First, however, must come a word about the manner of his going. His critics at home and abroad had, in many cases, prophesied that he would shortly resign, irrespectively of his health. The majority of them will certainly believe that the Suez crisis was the main cause of his resignation. Some of those most friendly to him may follow the same line. It is surely more reasonable, as well as more seemly, to believe him and his doctors. At the same time, the strain he has undergone may have worsened his health and so contributed to his determination to quit office.

That Sir Anthony Eden felt he could never again deal on the good terms that are essential with the Eisenhower administration seems unlikely. He has never lacked confidence in himself. His long experience at the Foreign Office had made him familiar with all methods of approach in international relations. Admittedly, the chilly air-cushion which had walled the President and the State Department ever since the action taken against Egypt had not been dissolved, but it had begun to thin, and there can be no certainty that the process will be quickened by Sir Anthony's disappearance. At home, party elements were restive, a few because they believed he had been rash, a greater number because they thought he had not been bold and persistent enough. That trouble, too, would probably have blown over in normal circumstances.

It has been said that Sir Anthony Eden did not have the chance to secure the title of a great Prime Minister. It is safe to say that he will be regarded as a great Foreign Minister. He rose to remarkable heights during the Second World War, when he and his dominating Prime Minister worked together in a manner which might serve as a model for two holders of their respective offices. The chief criticism over his action in those years has been that he was not sufficiently firm in his dealings with Russia, but it is doubtful whether in view of the credulous attitude of President Roosevelt to Stalin the results of British policy could have been very different, even if the methods had been.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

SIR ANTHONY EDEN.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.



LEAVING BUCKINGHAM PALACE AFTER HIS INVESTITURE WITH THE MILITARY CROSS: CAPTAIN ANTHONY EDEN IN 1917, WHEN HE WAS TWENTY.



DURING THE PERIOD WHEN HE WAS OUT OF OFFICE AFTER HIS RESIGNATION AS FOREIGN SECRETARY: MAJOR ANTHONY EDEN IN CAMP AT BEAULIEU, HAMPSHIRE, IN AUGUST 1939.

Sir Anthony Eden volunteered for the Army straight from school during World War I. He served with the King's Royal Rifle Corps. In 1916, when he was only nineteen, he won the Military Cross when he saved the life of his platoon sergeant during an action at Ploegsteert. After a raid on the enemy trenches Sergeant Harrop was missing, and Lieutenant Eden, selecting two men, went back immediately in face of the enemy. Ignoring their fire, and keeping as low as possible, he found Sergeant Harrop, who was terribly injured. Amidst machine-gun fire, he fixed a tourniquet to Harrop to save him from bleeding to death, and managed to get him back to the lines. This action brought Anthony Eden the award of the M.C., which was gazetted on June 5, 1917, when he was also given the rank of Captain. In the summer of 1939, during the period when he was out of office after his resignation as Foreign Secretary in 1938, Sir Anthony Eden was in camp at Beaulieu as Second-in-Command of the 2nd Rangers, King's Royal Rifle Corps, the regiment in which he had served with such distinction in World War I.

His war record at the Foreign Office would in itself have won him an assured place as a statesman. It is less clearly remembered that, though he was only a short time at the War Office, he was the best Secretary of State of the period of the war—it is only fair to Lord Hore-Belisha to add that he hardly comes into competition

because he held the office only in the "phoney" phase. Sir Anthony's next and last spell at the Foreign Office was the most fruitful of all in achievement. In particular, the year 1954 was for him triumphant and brilliant. The London and Paris Agreement was a great feat of statesmanship and diplomacy, revealing its main author as bold, determined, tactful, far-sighted and sincere.

In April 1955 Sir Anthony succeeded Sir Winston Churchill as Prime Minister. He could not hope to rival the latter's prestige, but the Conservative Party, as a whole, welcomed his leadership. It is notoriously difficult for any party to win an increased majority in a second General Election, but on this occasion the Tories did substantially increase theirs and polled about a million more votes than their opponents. In most of its tasks, with the important exception of the battle against inflation, the Government was successful up to the day of the action against Egypt. It is too soon to decry this as a complete failure, but no one can deny that it fell far short of the results expected. I think the action was justified, but, if it was, the manner in which it was carried out and broken off earns a condemnation, most of which must fall upon the Prime Minister of the time.

Sir Anthony Eden is a first-class parliamentarian. He is not a first-class orator, in Parliament, on the platform, or on the radio; but, then, how many first-class political orators are there to-day besides Mr. Bevan and Lord Hailsham? His ideas, especially on foreign policy, have been far indeed from commonplace, but too often the effects of his discourses upon them have been commonplace. His addiction to the cliché is shared by many others, perhaps most, but even Lord Attlee, the supreme specialist of our times in it, varies it with an occasional quip or jab that knocks the wind out of the victim. Sir Anthony has not this art. Yet every now and then he has made a highly successful speech, succeeding through sincerity.

Before and after he became Prime Minister, Sir Anthony had a considerable personal following in the country. He was regarded with a genuine affection by many who had never set eyes on him. This was a tribute to qualities of character and heart which the observers believed they saw in him. Undeniably, appearance and bearing such as his give a public man a fine start in the race

for popularity. He began and remained the best-looking and most distinguished in air among the statesmen of the Great Powers. Yet the start would not have been of much avail had people not felt confidence that he did not belie his looks. Sick man though he was when he gave up, there were not many known statesmen in the world who could be ranked as his equals. It must regretfully be added that the competition is not very strong.

Sir Anthony Eden leaves behind him a record of fine public service ending in a tragic anti-climax, which is still hotly disputed, and some of the details of which remain obscure. Nothing in his long and honourable career becomes him better than the manner in which he abandoned it, without hanging on to indulge in useless reflections and so hampering his successor. I have striven to keep the conventional tributes out of this commentary, but I have, since I heard the news, realised more and more clearly how notable has been his career, despite the lack of the supreme inspiration which is the gift of the immortals alone.



HER MAJESTY'S NEW PRIME MINISTER: THE RT. HON. HAROLD MACMILLAN, P.C., M.P.

In the early afternoon of January 10, less than twenty-four hours after the unexpected announcement of Sir Anthony Eden's resignation, Mr. Harold Macmillan was summoned to Buckingham Palace by the Queen. Shortly after Mr. Macmillan's return to Downing Street the following announcement was issued from Buckingham Palace: "The Queen received the Rt. Hon. Harold Macmillan, M.P., in audience this afternoon and offered him the post of Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury. Mr. Macmillan accepted her Majesty's offer and kissed hands upon his appointment." Before making her decision the Queen had consulted with Lord Salisbury and with Sir Winston Churchill, for, on this occasion her prerogative was no mere formality and placed a heavy burden of responsibility on her.

Mr. Macmillan, who is sixty-two, had been Chancellor of the Exchequer since December 1955. He is a member of the well-known publishing family, and his mother was American, as was Sir Winston Churchill's. He first entered Parliament in 1924 as Member for Stockton-on-Tees, and has sat for Bromley since 1945. A scholar of Eton, and an exhibitor of Balliol College, Oxford, Mr. Macmillan served with the Grenadier Guards during the 1914-18 war. His first Government appointment was that of Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Supply in 1940. From 1942-45 he was Minister Resident at Allied H.Q. in North-West Africa. From 1951-54 he was Minister of Housing and Local Government. After some months as Minister of Defence, he was appointed Foreign Secretary in April 1955. [Portrait study by Karsh of Ottawa.]

AT WHITE LODGE, RICHMOND PARK: SCENES IN THE SADLER'S WELLS LOWER SCHOOL.



IN THE GALLERY—WAITING FOR A STUDIO TO BE FREE, AND CHANGING CLASSES. ABOUT 70 PER CENT. OF THE CURRICULUM IS ACADEMIC, THE REMAINDER DEVOTED TO THE DANCE.



CORRECTING THE *PORT DE BRAS*, DURING A CLASS IV PRACTICE IN THE NEW STUDIO AT WHITE LODGE, WHICH IS KNOWN AS THE PAVLOVA STUDIO.

Of all trainings in the Arts, the training for ballet is perhaps the longest and most devoted to and starts at the earliest age—between seven and nine. As a result, wherever ballet is to flourish, special schools must exist where the vocational training can be combined with the academic under the same roof. Such schools have, of course, existed for many years in France and Russia; and in recent years have come into being in this country. Of these the best-known is the Sadler's Wells Ballet School. This has now a number of aspects and provides a continuous training from the age of nine until the time when



LIKE A DEGAS PAINTING BROUGHT TO LIFE: PUPILS AT THE SADLER'S WELLS DRESS FOR STUDIO WORK. THIS CHANGING ROOM WAS

the young dancer—if good enough—is equipped to enter the Sadler's Wells Ballet or the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet. Children of nine are shortly to be trained in a preparatory department, which they will attend as day pupils at the school in West Kensington, with a view really to assess their aptitudes. After this (from the age of ten for girls, of eleven for boys) comes the newly-established boarding school at White Lodge, Richmond Park. This venture came into full operation in September 1936, this beautiful Royal home having been leased and converted for the purpose. The aim in having a boarding

BALLET SCHOOL AT WHITE LODGE, RICHMOND PARK, CHANGING INTO PRACTICE FORMERLY THE BILLIARDS ROOM OF THE FORMER ROYAL HOME.

school is to spare young children long and exhausting daily travel and also to cast the net wider over this country (and others—there are a number of foreign pupils) in the search for talent. The school has about 150 pupils, of whom about two-thirds are boarders; and is co-educational, although the girls outnumber the boys by about 14 to 1. The curriculum of the scholastic work (which takes up about 70 per cent. of the total time) is that of a grammar school, aiming towards the General Certificate of Education, but stress is laid on art subjects, which necessarily include music. The remaining 30 per cent.

A LONDON BOARDING SCHOOL WHERE DANCE TRAINING AND SCHOOL WORK GO HAND IN HAND.



ARABESQUES IN THE PAVLOVA STUDIO: THE UPPER VTH CLASS AT WHITE LODGE AT WORK "IN THE CENTRE." THIS STUDIO AND SOME OF THE CLASS-ROOMS WERE BUILT IN THE FORMER STABLE BLOCK.



A JUNIOR CLASS LEAVING ONE OF THE NEW CLASS-ROOMS. THE SCHOLASTIC CURRICULUM AT WHITE LODGE IS THAT OF A NORMAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

of the training is dance training—which replaces the time devoted in normal schools to organised games and the like—and this training consists of classical ballet, character dances, mime and preparation for the Royal Academy of Dancing major examinations. The school is administered by a Board of Governors under the direct supervision of Dame Ninette de Valois; the director is Mr. Arnold L. Haskell, the Headmistress Miss L. M. McCutcheon, and the Ballet Principal Miss Ursula Moreton. From White Lodge successful pupils graduate to the senior school, a day school, in Colet Gardens, Kensington.



IN THE FRONT GALLERY OF WHITE LODGE, NOW THE SADLER'S WELLS BALLET SCHOOL: PUPILS WAIT FOR A BALLET CLASS.



JUNIOR PUPILS PRACTISE—AND CRITICISE—A SMALL ENSEMBLE STUDY IN ONE OF THE STUDIOS IN THE FINE ROOMS OF THE FORMER ROYAL HOME.

WHERE A ROYAL HOME HAS BECOME A CRADLE OF BALLET: THE SADLER'S WELLS SCHOOL AT WHITE LODGE.

In the thirty or so years from the first divertissements of the Vic-Wells Ballet, when ballet was one of London's least important entertainments, to to-day when Britain leads the world in this art, the same organisation which staged those dances at the Old Vic has grown under the same dynamic leadership—that of Dame Ninette de Valois—to its present position with two permanent ballet companies, generously subsidised by the Arts Council, and two full-time schools, which together can train the aspiring

dancer from the age of nine to the beginning of the professional career. The most striking development of recent years is, of course, the taking of the former Royal home, White Lodge, in Richmond Park, and its conversion into a boarding-school for ballet students of both sexes from the age of ten to G.C.E. level. On this page and three other pages we show some aspects of the life, training and noble surroundings of the pupils at the Sadler's Wells School at White Lodge.

A HOME OF PRINCESSES—NOW A SCHOOL FOR BALLERINAS OF THE FUTURE.



IN THE ROYAL HOME WHICH IS NOW A BALLET SCHOOL, WHITE LODGE, RICHMOND: A CLASS OF BOYS BEING INSTRUCTED AT THE BAR. IN THE SCHOOL, WHICH IS CO-EDUCATIONAL, BOYS ARE OUTNUMBERED 14 TO 1.



IN THE CRESCENT-SHAPED GALLERY WHICH WAS ONCE HUNG WITH ROYAL PORTRAITS AND IS NOW USED AS A DORMITORY: THE MATRON HELPS A JUNIOR WITH HER HAIR.

White Lodge, the home of the boarding and junior section of the Sadler's Wells Ballet School—described on previous pages—stands in its own grounds in the singularly favoured and beautiful situation of Richmond Park. It has been a Royal home since the days of George II, when it was known as Stone Lodge and was the favourite residence of his Queen, Caroline, and it is in her memory that the Queen's Walk is so named. It has been visited by many famous men, including Pitt, Sheridan, Scott and Nelson, and has been



A MID-MORNING BREAK AT WHITE LODGE. THE HOUSE DATES FROM GEORGE II, BUT WAS ENLARGED BY PRINCESS AMELIA, WHO ADDED THE WINGS. THE DUKE OF WINDSOR WAS BORN THERE.



THE RULING PASSION AND THE CHILDISH WEAKNESS: A YOUNG PUPIL SLEEPS, WITH ONE ARM FOR HER DOLL AND THE OTHER ON HER BALLET BOOK; AND CLOSE BESIDE ARE THE USUAL BATTERED BALLET SHOES.

the residence at various times of Queen Victoria, King Edward VII (when Prince of Wales), the Duke and Duchess of Teck, whose daughter, Princess May (later Queen Mary), spent her girlhood there; the Duke of Windsor was born there, and the Duke and Duchess of York (later King George VI and Queen Elizabeth) lived there shortly after their marriage. In front of the house stands a large cedar of Lebanon, now known as "Queen Mary's tree," as it was in this tree she loved to climb as a child.

THE CONQUEST OF THE AMERICAN WEST.

"THE YEAR OF DECISION, 1846." By BERNARD DEVOTO.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THOSE who form their opinions about the Present State of Literature from book-reviews, or from the Elegant Extracts from book-reviews which the less-sedate publishers quote in their advertisements, may well suppose that our era has produced such an abundance of masterpieces in every branch of the Arts that, for a man who wishes to be a civilised European, or even an educated Englishman, it is no longer necessary to be acquainted with the primitive pioneering productions of the famous dead, but that these were all a sort of Stone Age Men, who doubtless served their time and the Future to the best of their ability, but who have now been replaced by geniuses, Later, and therefore Better.

The contemporary proclamation of geniuses in all spheres of creative writing might well sour a "watcher of the skies" who did not resolutely concentrate upon the major luminaries. The balanced man does not allow himself to be flung into an opposition to all things contemporary. "*Laudator temporis acti*" was a depreciatory phrase in the days of the ancient Romans. It is, and always has been, silly to sit with the old boys and lament that "Those were the Days." But it is equally silly to take the line that all our ancestors were unenlightened, and that their works have been surpassed by the cacophonies of Schönberg, the nightmares of James Joyce, and the doodlings of Paul Klee. The truth is that the spread of education has been the spread of half-education, that the enormous increase in the amount of reading and writing has led to a vast extension, and lowering, of a public criticism. Certain enclaves of instructed persons there are, who retain their standards of comparison. These tend, beleaguered by the hosts of Midian, to crowd together and form coteries, a little precious, and perhaps mutually admiring, huddling together to keep warm. Even these, sometimes, break out of their little sheepfolds to announce that some puny scribbler is a "great poet," or some dusky and morally complicated lady a great novelist.

"Why," the reader may, and probably will, ask, "this long and platitudinous introduction to a review of one book?" Such preliminary paragraphs were well enough for Lord Macaulay, when he was able to spend three months digesting some large tome for the "Edinburgh Review," and then was allowed to write about it to the extent of many thousands of words, and was maintained in modest affluence until the next number was in preparation. But why should I, with this much smaller (though for this age very ample) amount of space at my disposal, blossom forth into so long an introduction? The answer is simple: I do think DeVoto an outstanding historian and I do think his book an enduring monument, which entitles him to rank with the Prescotts, the Motleys and the Parkmans of the American past.

I think, I must admit, that those eminent men might have shrunk from admitting him to their company: for as Mr. Alistair Cooke said, just after DeVoto's death in 1955, "he was up to his powerful larynx in all the controversies of the day"

—a vehement, turbulent, dogmatic man, as robust of utterance as the late H. L. Mencken. Yet I don't think that any fair-minded man, reading this third and last volume about the settling of the American West, could doubt his possession, to a high degree, of all the qualities which tend to give historical works general estimation and durability. He had a theme which had never before been treated in its panoramic fullness. He was passionately dedicated to it—as Mr. Cooke says, when he died, "he had achieved and delivered his great work—the three-volume masterpiece on the settling of the West: 'The Year of Decision, 1846,' 'Across the Wide Missouri,' and 'Westward the Course of Empire.' He chose his field as a young man and would let nothing—not comfort, nor friendship, nor the easy chance of riches—keep him from it. He even gave up teaching to pursue it, by the mountain pass and the mule as well as by the forgotten journal, buried text and maps, and Government surveys, expiring on the shelves of the Library of Congress." He shrank from no

stake than fake a fact to support a theory, or a reading of "The Canterbury Tales" and a renewal of acquaintance with all that mixed company, including the volatile and exuberant Wife of Bath, who would have laughed at a lot of silly old men worrying about the price of wool, since her husbands had left her quite enough to buy minks, ermines, and sables.

DeVoto, fortified by many diaries of men and women, literate and illiterate, who left records of that immense and variegated invasion of the West, tells his story superbly. It is a complicated story, for the advances were on several fronts, both civil and military. There were the people who went out on the Oregon Trail (there had been a *Condominium* of Great Britain and the U.S.A. in a vaguely frontiered Oregon—settled after too many complications); there were the people who went on the Californian Trail; there were the Mormons, who deemed themselves the People of Israel, who had murdered and been murdered, and were seeking the Canaan which they found in Utah; and there were the Armies of the United States.

These last, and it is to DeVoto's credit that he recognises that soldiering is a profession to be learned, and that men trained for it at West Point were likelier to handle that job well than a horde of politicians, lawyers and journalists, suddenly promoted to high rank by the egregious President Polk, swarmed over California and ultimately penetrated to Mexico City. DeVoto, in two lines, disclaims any intention of deciding whether the attack on California (then loosely and lazily attached to Mexico, but with the old Spanish civilisation still there and a few "Yankee" infiltrators) and Mexico was just or righteous. It is rather evident that he didn't think it either just or righteous. The current American phrase was "Manifest Destiny." That was the motto of President Polk. It was also the motto of the Hitler of "*Mein Kampf*" and the *Table-Talk*, who held that the Manifest Destiny of Germany was to acquire the grain-lands of the Ukraine and keep all Europe as hewers of wood and drawers of water for industrial Germany. The Russians,

for two centuries, have thought that it was their Manifest Destiny to spread themselves, and their light, everywhere. I remember, when young, reading some letter, or diary of Dostoevsky (who wasn't a Russian, but a Lithuanian, or near-Pole) in which he stated that Russia would save herself first, and Europe later. I said to myself "This isn't a Messiah, but a mad-dog."

However, I haven't quoted from DeVoto. There were too many things to quote. The American Empire was established long ago, and now confronts the Russian Empire, a quite recent construction, extending from Moscow to Vladivostok. Our own, picked up partly because of wars with the French, partly because we went into unoccupied places, and partly because (India is the exemplar of this) we went in as traders and were called in as peace-makers, is now being criticised from all sides. I am no more ashamed than Sir Winston would be. But I am sorry that I never met that great historian DeVoto.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 120 of this issue.

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER USES GEORGE WASHINGTON'S TROWEL.



LAYING THE CORNERSTONE OF THE NEW DEPARTMENT OF STATE IN WASHINGTON: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER USING A TROWEL USED BY GEORGE WASHINGTON IN 1793.

On January 5, President Eisenhower, who was accompanied by Mr. John Foster Dulles, laid the cornerstone of the new State Department building in Washington. He applied the mortar with the silver trowel George Washington had used for laying the cornerstone of the Capitol in 1793. The new building is scheduled for completion in 1960 and, when finished, will bring under a single roof all State Department activities that are now scattered in twenty-nine separated buildings.

pains of research into the almost illimitable and largely unexamined material which was available. A great partisan in life, as a historian he evidently aimed scrupulously at the telling of the truth, whatever shameful admissions that may involve. Some may think he has been rather harsh with some of the leading characters with whom he deals, and who, before I encountered them in his pages, were little more than names to me. About that I know nothing. But he certainly brings them all to life, and a multitude of lesser figures. In movement, too, and against a variety of landscapes, in all sorts of weather. For he had supremely the gift of telling a story, in a brilliant, exciting, and captivating way. That gift is a dangerous one in the hands of historians who do not even attempt to see both sides of a question. But its absence is lethal to the works of even the most honest, wrinkled, parchment-skinned specialists of the "scientific" school. Which is more informative—let alone more interesting and amusing—a perusal of a treatise on the rise and fall of wool prices in the reign of Edward III, written by a scrupulous scholar who would rather go to the

* "The Year of Decision, 1846." By Bernard DeVoto. Maps. (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 50s.)

TO BE VISITED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH: PLEASANT BUT REMOTE ST. HELENA.



THE DELIGHTFUL VIEW FROM MOUNT PROSPECT, ST. HELENA. AT THIS PLEASANT SPOT NAPOLEON TOOK LUNCH ONE MORNING DURING HIS EXILE ON THIS REMOTE ISLAND, IN THE SOUTH ATLANTIC.



THE VERANDA OF NAPOLEON'S RESIDENCE: "LONGWOOD," OPENED RECENTLY AS A NAPOLEONIC MUSEUM. THE BUILDING HAD TO BE EXTENSIVELY RESTORED AS A RESULT OF THE ATTACKS OF WHITE ANTS.



JONATHAN THE TORTOISE, WHO IS ABOUT 200 YEARS OLD AND MAY HAVE SEEN NAPOLEON, WITH PLANTATION HOUSE, THE GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE, IN THE BACKGROUND.

One of the most attractive visits of the Duke of Edinburgh's world tour will be at St. Helena, the tiny island in the South Atlantic to which Napoleon was exiled. He is due to arrive there to-day, January 19. The island has many features to recommend it. The climate is invariably temperate, for although the island is in the tropics, the south-east trade wind and the South Atlantic current exert a constant cooling influence. The fishing there is among the best in the world; some seventy species of fish can be caught, and



VISITED BY THE LAST DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN 1860: THE CASTLE AT JAMESTOWN. THE GUNS HAVE NEVER FIRED AN ANGRY SHOT, AND THE ONLY ENEMIES HERE ARE THE NUMEROUS WHITE ANTS.



ONE OF THE LONGEST FLIGHTS OF STEPS IN THE WORLD: JACOB'S LADDER, WHICH HAS 699 STEPS AND RISES AT THE STEEP ANGLE OF 46 DEGREES.



THE ONLY TOWN ON THE ISLAND: JAMESTOWN. IN FORMER TIMES THE SLAVE MARKET WAS HELD UNDER THE TREE IN THE FOREGROUND.

of these nearly a third are found nowhere else. An interesting link with the past is the tortoise *Jonathan*. He is the sole survivor of three who were imported in the eighteenth century and may well have seen Napoleon. (It was not known at the time of writing whether the Duke of Edinburgh would arrive on the date announced. His arrival at Deception Island, where, as we stated in our issue of December 29, he was expected to see the New Year in, was delayed apparently until January 3.)



NATURE'S WONDERLAND—NO. 2. TYPICAL ANTARCTIC ANIMALS WHOSE EXISTENCE IS THREATENED BY MAN, MOST DEVASTATING OF ALL PREDATORS AND INVADER OF THEIR HABITAT.

During the current international Geophysical Year of 1957-58 scientific attention will be focussed on the Antarctic regions. One result of this may be, as the 1956 President of the British Antarctic Survey, Sir Raymond Priestley, has suggested, the increased exploitation of this southern continent by the human race. The sea and its animal resources are being exploited, dangerously so in some instances. In his drawings on these pages our artist, Mr. Neave Parker, shows some of the typical Antarctic animals whose habitat seems doomed to suffer from increasing invasion by man, the most devastating of all predators. Although the animal life of the two polar regions bears a general resemblance there are a few well-marked differences. Both include an abundant marine life and an impoverished

land-auna. In the sea live large numbers of whales and seals, and in the air above them are numerous birds. Bigger animals alive of relatively larger size and thus coupled with the sizes of their populations, means a tremendous drain upon the resources of the seas, in terms of animal and vegetable protein, for their sustenance. It takes no profound insight to realise that these cold waters of the globe must be outstandingly rich in all forms of life, in the minute organisms and the medium-sized, as well as the larger forms already mentioned. In the Arctic the larger forms of animal life have already been devastated by the hand of man, not by the Eskimos, whose natural heritage lies therein, but by the invaders from Europe and North America. The Greenland right whale is

all but extinct; the walrus has changed its habits under this persecution; the seals have dwindled in numbers. What we do not know is the effect of the heavy reductions in the large beasts, which stand at the head of the food-chain, upon the invisible hosts of smaller organisms in the seas themselves. That is, however, a story for future unravelling. Set against these numbers of large animals is the single terrestrial form, the polar bear. When we come to the Antarctic we find, if anything, an even greater abundance of marine life, abundant even to-day in spite of man's heavy exploitation in recent years. Here is the largest animal that has ever been in existence, the blue whale. It is customary, in speaking of this, to describe its length as 100 ft. and its weight as 120 tons or more. The sad

truth is that after a few decades of persecution, of killing at the rate of 30,000 blue whales a year, the maximum size to day rarely exceeds 80 ft. Man's hand has been heavy also, on the elephant seal, so that at one time there were fears for its continued existence. Now that wiser counsels are beginning to prevail this is being reversed. Against these similarities between the two polar regions we may set the striking peculiarity of the Antarctic region, the presence of the vast colonies of penguins, which are unrepresented in the Arctic. Another peculiarity is the absence of the large land animals. This is not because they could not survive there, for a herd of reindeer introduced on to the island of South Georgia has established itself and is multiplying.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, NEAVE PARKER, F.R.S.A., WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF DR. MAURICE BURTON

ROMAN AND PRE-ROMAN ST. ALBANS: VERULAMIUM EXCAVATIONS WHICH HAVE REVEALED A GREAT EXPANSE OF ROMAN WALL-PAINTING.

By SHEPPARD S. FRERE, F.S.A., Director of the Society of Antiquaries' excavations at Verulamium.

THE second season of the current excavations at Verulamium lasted nine weeks last summer, but its contemplated extent had to be more than doubled at the last moment when news came that the work on the new motor road was to start in the near future. At times more than eighty people were working on the site (Fig. 1) which attracted a fair number of passing visitors. The gloomy summer, however, prevented the very large numbers of the year before.

Work was continued in the field on the south side of Bluehouse Hill, where Roman buildings were unearthed in 1955, and was extended north-eastwards to the south-west corner of the Forum in the Vicarage Field. Across on the north side of the modern road a large area in the allotments was examined with important results; but an even larger area of allotments across which the new road will cut, had to be left, because they were still under cultivation. It is certain that this ground contains Roman remains of the highest importance, and urgent that it should be excavated before destruction.

Further north-east, beyond the Gorhambury Drive, a large area of meadow was examined down to the City Wall, and beyond this further work was carried out in the space between the two branches of the Ver.

All these sites provided relics or information of great interest. South of Bluehouse Hill, indeed, the principal work was uncovering remains of Roman town houses of residential type: that at the top of the hill had been all but ploughed away. In this field, the outstanding discovery was that of masses of Roman wall plaster at site L. The walls of the house were of clay resting on a flint and mortar base. There were indications of timber shuttering which suggested that the clay above had been erected rather like a concrete wall to-day; before the clay became too dry a large rolling-pin bearing incised chevrons was applied to it; this was to key the wall plaster subsequently to be applied. Later, this wall fell over almost in one piece; the painted side was face down and the chevron pattern casts in the back of the plaster lay face up (Fig. 9). The possibility of re-erecting in the museum a stretch of Roman wall plaster 15 ft. long by 6 ft. wide at once arose, and a technique for lifting the plaster in sections was devised by Dr. Norman Davey. Later, it was found that this wall face, fallen from the western wall of the corridor, lay on top of the similar plaster face of its eastern wall and much of this also was salvaged.

Work is now being carried out at the Institute of Archaeology under Dr. Davey's guidance on cleaning and reassembling the material. The patterns on one wall are mainly red panels (Figs. 7 and 8) bearing thin yellow standards and swags, and, on the other, panels of purple (Fig. 8) bearing painted wood-pigeons in frames of thin yellow foliation. Another fine fragment is in rich yellow bearing a fine green vine scroll, in which sit magnificent pheasants (Fig. 6) alternating with Cheshire cat-like leopards' heads (Fig. 4). The Romano-British inhabitants of this house had not been able to refrain from doodling on the walls, and we have found the word EQVVS, and also the representation of a bird and an egg.

In the allotments five successive periods of building were encountered. The first three of these were in timber, running from about A.D. 70 till the

middle of the fourth century when there was a disastrous fire. These timbered buildings were then succeeded by masonry ones, which may well have been shops, facing on to the Roman street which we found to be underlying Bluehouse Hill. These shops, themselves of the mid fourth century, were not the latest phase, for after them came a large buttressed wall of tile and mortar of fine build, which may have formed part of a market

Field showed the relationship of the Forum Ambulatory to this street. The Forum wall and the Ambulatory floor themselves overlay an area of burning which could be attributed to the sack of the city by Boadicea. Early the need for drainage had been felt: much water, then as now, must have come flooding down the road in wet weather, and there was the great catchment area of the Forum roofs and the temples which adjoined it. A wooden drain was succeeded by a truly massive masonry-built structure, later destroyed down to its *opus signinum* floor; what survived suggested a lined sewer tunnel, 2 ft. wide and possibly 5 ft. high, comparable to the Roman main drains which still exist beneath Lincoln. But the road itself, by numerous repairs and remetalings, had raised its level by A.D. 400 6 ft. above its original surface, and this meant that water from the road was liable to seep through the Forum walls: to cope with this

side ditches were dug and were probably lined and covered: they sink too abruptly at the edge of the street (Fig. 10) for it to have been safe to leave them open.

At the other end of the Forum a trench was cut to seek further pieces of the great inscription to Titus and Domitian set up by Agricola in A.D. 79 and discovered last autumn during building operations. None was found, but part of the Forum wall was traced and the corner of one of the row of offices or shops which line this side of the building was revealed. The inscription had been set up over an entrance, but after its collapse and fracture the pieces must have been scattered by repeated burials in the mediæval churchyard of St. Michael's, which now covers the site,

and some of them even burnt for lime.

In the meadow north-east of the Gorhambury Lodge trenches soon showed that mediæval and modern ploughing had disturbed everything down to natural soil over a large area of field. Only at the lower end, behind the line of the city wall, were Roman levels preserved. Here there had been an early timber-framed dwelling which had been consumed by fire during Nero's reign, perhaps by Boadicea. Thereafter the site seems to have lain open for some years, in a manner with which we to-day are familiar in our devastated cities, before rebuilding at length took place. A cutting was also made here through the defences of the city, the first time this eastern riverside stretch of them has been examined. It was hoped to find the first-century earth rampart buried beneath the bank, piled up behind the later Roman masonry town wall. And so it turned out. The early rampart was preserved to a height of 5 ft.; its face was retained by a high kerb of piled sods faced with timber work behind which were tips of chalky silt scraped up from the river valley beyond: but no ditch was put in front, doubtless because of the marshy conditions: the rampart skirted the edge of the flood-plain and the marsh itself would substitute for a ditch. This rampart was of early Roman date; it antedated the hut behind it, and if the latter was really burnt by Boadicea we must conclude that this part of the city was already defended in 61 contrary to what Tacitus implies, and we shall have to re-think the implications of Sir Mortimer Wheeler's excavations in the Fosse earthwork. Beneath the rampart was an old surface and beneath this were found the broken-up

remains of coin moulds belonging to a pre-Roman Belgic Mint (Fig. 14). With them were bits of contemporary pottery but no coins. It is known that an important mint existed at Verulamium under King Tasciovanus, 20 B.C.-A.D. 10. He had his capital at Prae Wood, above the Roman city, and his coins bear the mint mark VER, or VERLAMIO. Under his son and successor Cunobelin, the centre of Belgic power shifted to Camulodunum, outside modern Colchester, and with it went the mint. The remains found this [Continued opposite.



FIG. 1. VERULAMIUM IN ROMAN TIMES—AND TO-DAY: A PLAN TO ILLUSTRATE THE ARTICLE BY MR. SHEPPARD FRERE, DESCRIBING THE LAST SEASON'S EXCAVATIONS.

In this map the Roman features are shown in the lighter tone, the modern in the darker. The majority of the season's work lay immediately on the right of Bluehouse Hill and below Vicarage Field.



FIG. 2. WORKERS ON THE SITE: STUDENT ARCHÆOLOGISTS BUSY ON THE FALLEN PLASTER, OF WHICH EXAMPLES ARE SHOWN IN FIGS. 4, 6-9.

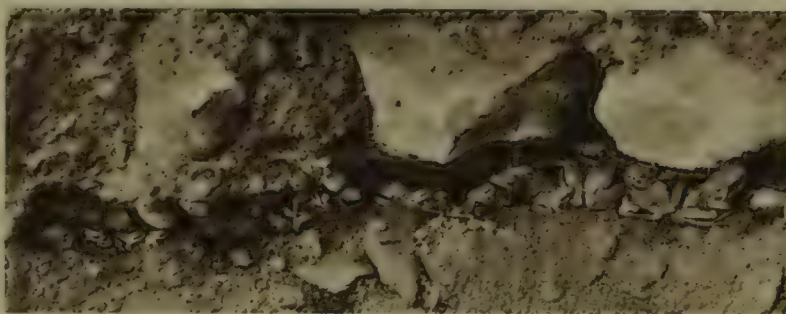


FIG. 3. RESIDENTS ON THE SITE: A POPULOUS COLONY OF YOUNG FROGS LIVING IN THE FOOTING OF THE ROMAN TOWN WALL OF VERULAMIUM.

hall: but the elucidation of its precise plan must await further work. This sequence, however, is of great historical importance, for it goes some way to show that the business quarter of the city round the Forum was by no means in decay in the later fourth century.

The discovery of a Roman street below the modern Bluehouse Hill (Fig. 10) was sufficient to demonstrate what before had been uncertain—that the Forum buildings did not extend through to the allotment area. A deep trench in the Rectory

NEW WALL PAINTINGS FROM VERULAMIUM.

EXAMPLES OF ROMAN DECOR AND ROMAN CRAFTSMANSHIP.



FIG. 4. A FRAGMENT OF PLASTER FROM SITE L, SHOWING A LEOPARD'S HEAD AND A GREEN VINE SCROLL ON A RICH, YELLOW GROUND, WITH A RED BORDER.



FIG. 5. A ROMAN CELLAR AT SITE A, PLASTERED IN WHITE, WITH DARK-RED AND YELLOW LINES AND TWO CUPBOARDS.



FIG. 6. FROM THE SAME PLASTERED WALL AS FIG. 4 AND SHOWING A LIVELY PHEASANT ON A YELLOW GROUND AMONG A SPRAY OF GREEN FOLIAGE.



FIG. 7. RED WALL PLASTER WITH A PATTERN OF CROWNED STANDARDS, GARLANDS AND SWAGS IN YELLOW. THESE FRAGMENTS ARE BEING CLEANED AND REASSEMBLED IN A SECTION 15 FT. BY 6 FT.

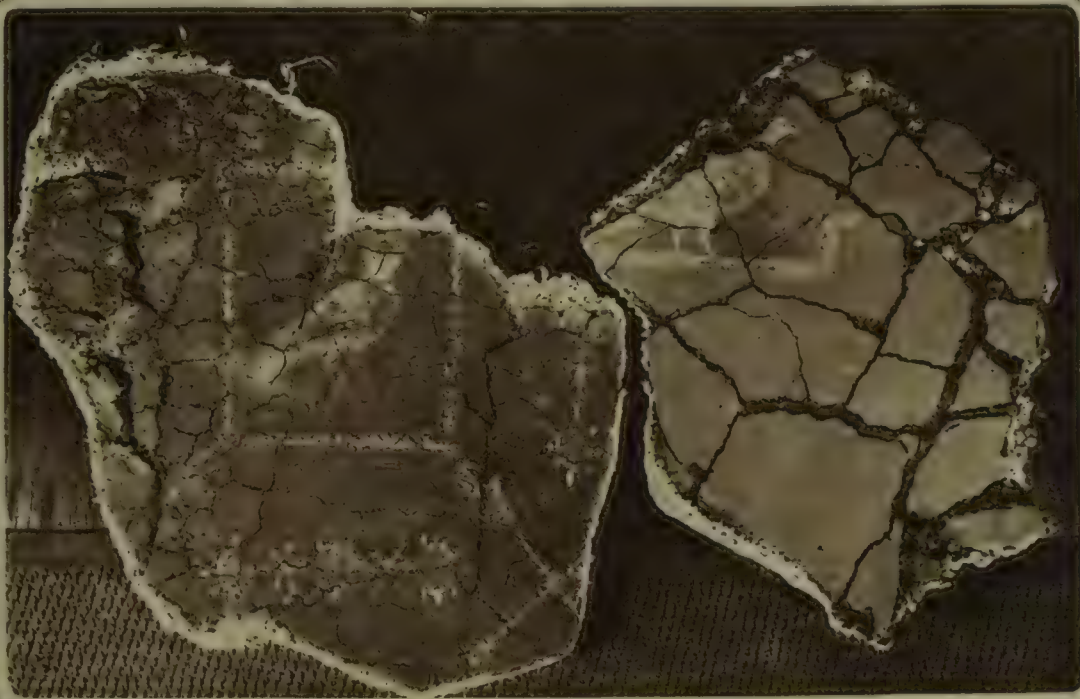


FIG. 8. FROM TWO DIFFERENT WALLS OF THE SAME ROOM: WOOD-PIGEON DESIGNS—ON THE LEFT, ON A PURPLE GROUND AND FRAMED IN YELLOW; ON THE RIGHT, A BLUE PIGEON ON A RED GROUND.



FIG. 9. A PAINTED PLASTER WALL LYING FACE DOWNWARDS AND SHOWING THE IMPRINT OF THE CHEVRON PATTERN OF THE CLAY WALL TO WHICH IT WAS ORIGINALLY "KEYED."

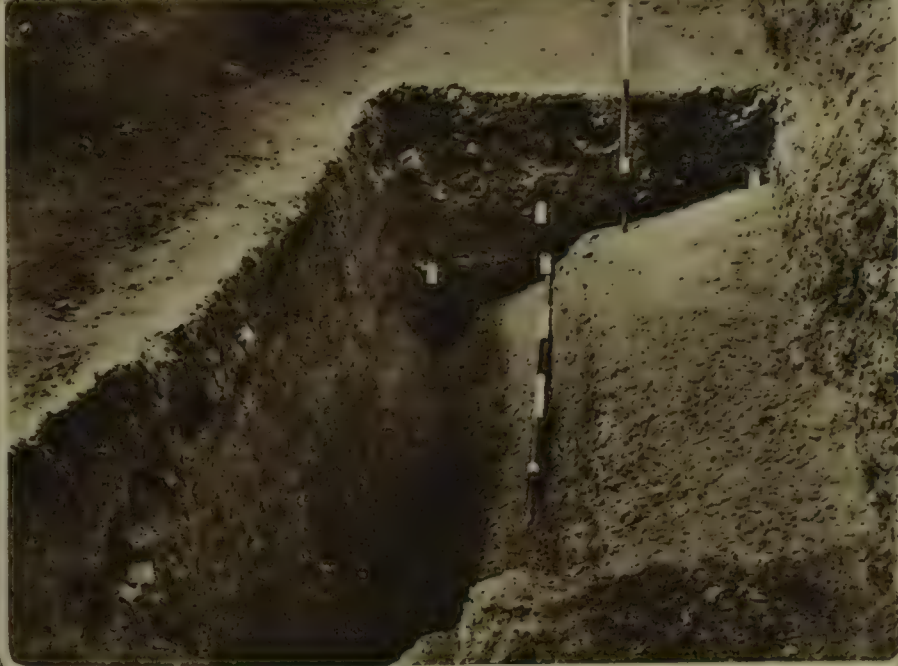


FIG. 10. A SECTION OF THE EDGE OF A ROMAN STREET BESIDE THE FORUM, SHOWING THE VERY STEEP CAMBER AND THE DRAINAGE DITCH. IT FOLLOWS BLUEHOUSE HILL.

Continued.

year certainly indicate the near presence of the Verulamium Mint, but it is surprisingly far from the Belgic town, which lies almost three-quarters of a mile away at the valley crest. The reason might be the need to be near a plentiful water supply. The moulds are made of clay (Fig. 14) and in the circular holes were cast blank pieces of gold, silver, or copper; these were later struck between dies bearing the obverse and reverse designs. The moulds

themselves, therefore, contain no evidence of design, lettering, or date; they have to be dated and attributed as the circumstances of their discovery best suggest. We shall not be far wrong in assigning them to King Tasciovanus. The early rampart was erected on the debris of the mint, and this rampart was itself later buried beneath the bank piled up behind the second-century city wall. The foundations of this wall were found, and it could be seen how

[Continued overleaf.]

THE SEASON'S DISCOVERIES AT VERULAMIUM: EVERYDAY OBJECTS OF THE ANCIENT CITY.



FIG. 11. TWO ASPECTS OF THE SAME SILVER SPOON. OF SIMPLE AND GRACEFUL DESIGN, IT MAY BE DATED TO THE FOURTH CENTURY A.D. AND WAS FOUND IN THE SITE WHICH NOW LIES BETWEEN TWO STREAMS OF THE VER.

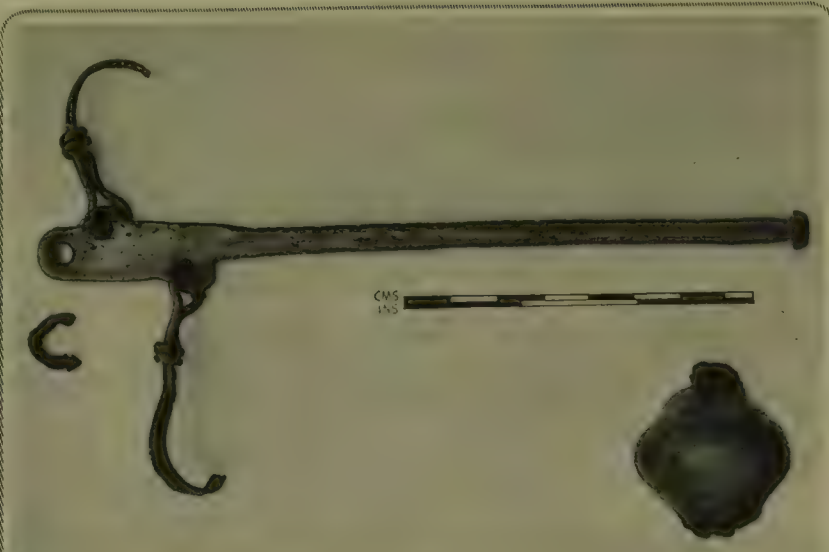


FIG. 12. A ROMAN STEELYARD, MADE OF BRONZE WITH A LEAD WEIGHT FOR WEIGHING PURPOSES. THIS WOULD ALMOST CERTAINLY BE SHOP EQUIPMENT FROM ONE OF THE SHOPS OF ROMAN VERULAMIUM.



FIG. 13. A BONE PIN, EITHER FOR THE DRESS OR FOR THE HAIR. ENLARGED IN REPRODUCTION, IT SHOWS A BUST WITH A LATE FIRST-CENTURY HAIR-STYLE.

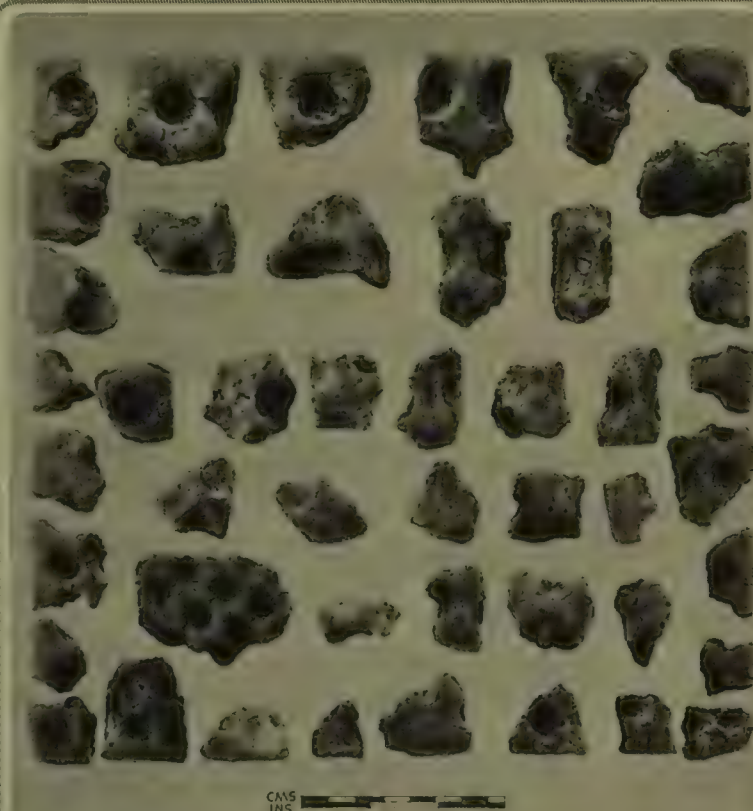


FIG. 14. A NUMBER OF BELGIC COIN MOULDS OF BAKED CLAY, FOUND NORTH-EAST OF GORHAMBURO LODGE. THEY WERE PROBABLY FROM THE MINT OF KING TASCIOVANUS (20 B.C.-A.D.10).



FIG. 15. PART OF A TABLE LEG, MADE OF KIMMERIDGE SHALE FROM DORSET. IT DATES FROM THE LATE SECOND CENTURY A.D.

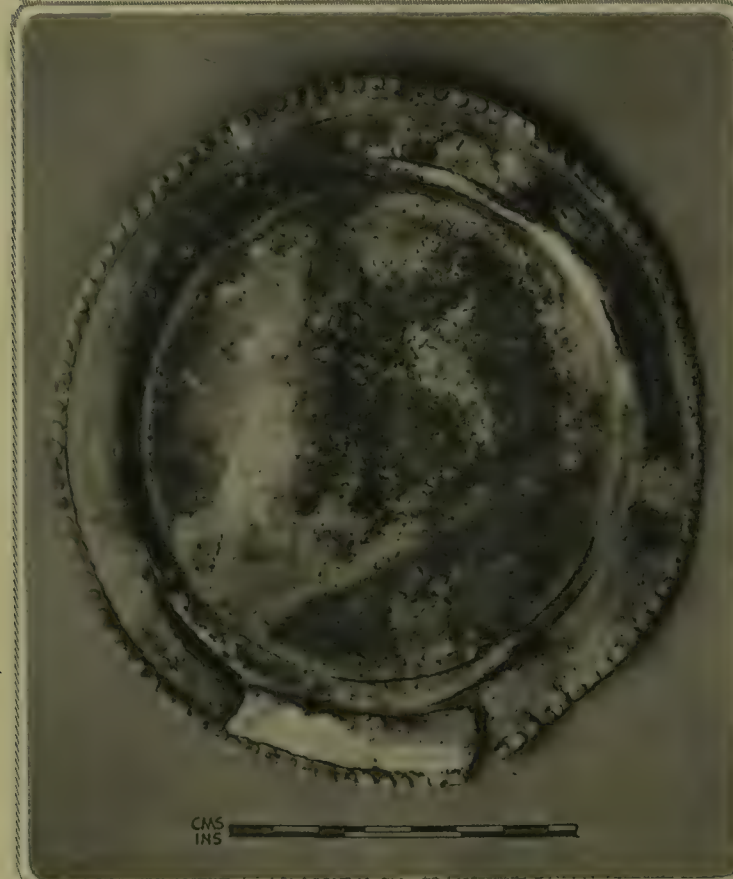


FIG. 16. A PEWTER PLATE OF THE FOURTH CENTURY A.D., FROM THE RIVER SITE. PEWTER IS FAIRLY COMMON IN LATE ROMAN TIMES AND REFLECTS THE OPENING UP OF THE CORNISH TIN TRADE.

Continued.
they had been inserted through a thick deposit of black rubbish—charcoal, oysters, bones, and broken pottery—which had been dumped over the front of the early rampart once it had become ruinous. Excavations were extended some 50 yards beyond the wall to an area of marshy meadowland now an island enclosed by two streams of the Ver. Here a Roman attempt to control the stream was found—a trench containing wooden uprights; and in the silty sand of the old stream-bed were found a very large number of fourth-century coins, together with masses of pottery and numerous brooches and other trinkets. Among them were a silver spoon (Fig. 11), two pewter plates (Figs. 16 and 17), one of which bore an inscription on the back (Fig. 17) and a lead goblet. It is difficult to account for this collection except on the theory that they were intentionally flung into the stream. This would imply a Celtic water cult near the spot.



FIG. 17. ANOTHER PEWTER PLATE, UNDER SIDE, WITH SCRATCHED INSCRIPTION, WHICH MAY BE TRANSLATED "VIVENTIA, DAUGHTER OF VICTORICUS" OR "VIVENTIA, A PRESENT TO VICTORIX."

U.N. ACTIVITIES IN SINAI AND SUEZ: CLEARING THE CANAL AND PATROLLING THE DESERT.



BEING TURNED BY AN EGYPTIAN TUG ON JANUARY 6: THE PANAMANIAN TANKER *BRIGITTE*, ONE OF THE 13 VESSELS TRAPPED IN THE CANAL.



AT WORK ON THE REMOVAL OF THE SUNKEN EGYPTIAN L.S.T. *AKKA* NEAR LAKE TIMSAH: THE GERMAN SALVAGE VESSELS *AUSDAUER* AND *ENERGIE*.



PATROLLING IN THE SINAI DESERT: A DANISH DETACHMENT ON PATROL IN THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MITLA PASS AFTER THE WITHDRAWAL OF THE ISRAELI TROOPS.

The thirteen foreign vessels trapped in the Suez Canal since its blockage sailed out into the Mediterranean on January 8. They had been turned round on the previous two days, and, with Egyptian pilots on board, they sailed in convoy to Port Said. There were no mishaps when the convoy edged past some of the remaining obstacles, and the first ship to leave Port Said harbour, the Norwegian tanker *Eli Knudsen*, did so only three-and-a-half hours after leaving Kantara, where the dismantled pontoon bridge had to be passed. Meanwhile, work continued on the removal of the Egyptian



THE FIRST TRAPPED SHIP TO LEAVE THE CANAL: THE NORWEGIAN TANKER *ELI KNUDSEN* SAILING OUT OF PORT SAID ON JANUARY 8.



DAMAGED ROADS IN THE SINAI DESERT: A WHITE-PAINTED VEHICLE OF THE DANISH U.N.E.F. CONTINGENT CLIMBING OUT OF A SHELL-HOLE DURING A SURVEY OF ROADS DAMAGED BY ARTILLERY FIRE.



A MEETING IN THE SINAI DESERT: A DANISH U.N.E.F. PATROL—WITH THEIR DOG MASCOT *NASSER*—MAKE CONTACT WITH AN ISRAELI UNIT.

L.S.T. *Akka*, which is filled with cement, and presents what is probably the toughest problem for the U.N. salvage teams. By January 9 Israeli forces had withdrawn from some 60 per cent. of the Sinai Peninsula, and on January 10 Major-General Burns, Commander of the United Nations Emergency Force, announced that his meeting that day with General Dayan, Chief of Staff of the Israeli Army, had resulted in an agreement for a further withdrawal by Israeli forces on January 15 to a position about 10 to 15 kilometres east of El Arish, which would be taken over by Yugoslav troops.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

BRITISH PORTRAIT PRINTS.

draughtsman and etcher from Prague, who settled in London in 1635, taught Prince Charles drawing and is represented by an etching of his pupil done in 1649 after a portrait by Van Dyck, and—from the nineteenth century—Ingres, with two lithographs of the year 1815, the original drawings for which belong to the Sitwell family.

Those who enjoy academic arguments as to whether these superb lithographs are by the great

three years after the date of the drawings. The drawings were made in Rome, and it seems at least possible that Ingres may have prepared the lithographic stone then, and that drawings and stone may have been brought to London at the time and the lithographs printed some years later. This possibility perhaps receives support from the fact that there are many variations in detail between the drawings and the lithographs: one can well argue that a copyist would be likely to keep faithfully, indeed slavishly, to the original, whereas Ingres himself would feel justified in making slight alterations. So much for the minutiae of expertise.

I suppose we can put up a case for claiming Whistler as English—at least all his troubles fell upon him in England: anyway, English or American, there are two fine dry-points by him, and a monumental dry-point by the late Francis Dodd, R.A., of Sir Jacob Epstein, done in 1909 when the sculptor was twenty-nine—a most imaginative print, I thought, showing the powerfully-built Epstein about to tackle a huge block of stone. There are two etchings by Hogarth, one of Lord Lovat from his painting in the National Portrait Gallery, the other from the famous portrait of himself with his dog *Trump* in the National Gallery. Among the less well-known engravers is William Pether, whose mezzotint of 1769, after Joseph Wright of Derby, is an admirable performance, in which the tones from white to near black are rendered with remarkable fidelity.

The name of Charles Turner will be more familiar: he was responsible for the group of the Society of Dilettanti, and William Say (whom few have heard of) for the companion print; both the original pictures by Reynolds—one is at The Academy now—were painted on the occasion of the introduction of Sir William Hamilton as a new member. While the main function of the eighteenth-century engraver was to popularise the work of the painter—a task now undertaken by other means—he did occasionally carry out original work of his own. The famous "Promenade at Carlisle House," a mezzotint of 1781 by John Raphael Smith, is the most successful of such attempts. The original drawing in coloured chalks is in the Victoria and Albert Museum, and the print, as well as being in Smith's best manner, is a social document of no small importance, showing numerous people, including Dr. Johnson, strolling around in Mme. Cornely's fashionable and notorious place of amusement in Soho Square.

The exhibition provides in little a picture of English Society hardly less vivid than its much greater neighbour round the corner in Piccadilly. It also brings home to the visitor how many strands from abroad have gone to the making of what may appear to be at first sight the most English of all the forms of visual expression, with Hogarth the most English of all artists, and the most cantankerously insular with his pen, falling naturally into place not as a prophet who disliked foreigners, but as their equal in accomplishment. The exhibition is welcome also for quite another reason. English prints have been out of favour now for many years, partly because the vogue for them reached absurd dimensions in the 1920's, when certain of the more famous eighteenth-century mezzotints made extraordinary prices. It is extremely interesting to note the prices set against each of these carefully chosen examples in the catalogue. The most expensive

is the Whistler dry-point of Elinor Leyland, the daughter of his patron, F. R. Leyland, the Liverpool ship-owner; but there are numerous excellent things at prices from two to fifty guineas. Clearly, the print market has come down from the clouds.

AS a supplement to the Winter Exhibition at the Royal Academy—"British Portraits"—the current show at Colnaghi's, which consists of sixty-five prints, is not to be missed, for whether, as in the case of most of the mezzotints, the engravers were reproducing a painting, or, as in the dry-points of Conrad, by Muirhead Bone, or of the young Jacob Epstein, by Francis Dodd, were producing an original portrait, they were giving the world something of exceptional quality which is liable to be overwhelmed if seen side by side with oils. I suppose mezzotint can be regarded as our most useful contribution to the art of engraving, and its early development is finely illustrated by two portraits by Isaac Beckett, one after Kneller, the other after Lely, placed near a portrait of Elizabeth Hamilton, Comtesse de Grammont, but engraved by the much later James McArdell, probably seventy or eighty years after the painting of the original portrait.

By this time several professionals, McArdell among them, had achieved full command of the possibilities of this wonderfully subtle medium—McArdell's "Thomas Coram" of 1749, after Hogarth, is another brilliant performance—and the way was already clear for such acknowledged masterpieces of their kind as that of "Master John Crewe as Henry VIII," after Sir Joshua Reynolds by John Raphael Smith (1776), and the enchanting "Children of John Hoppner" (1799), by James Ward after John Hoppner. Though it is true that the whole object of all these exercises was to provide as faithful a series of monochrome copies of the original paintings as possible, it is most interesting to note how the personalities of the engravers come out in their work: how Beckett, for example, in his interpretation of a self-portrait of Sir Godfrey Kneller (1685), seems to achieve something more sensitive than the original—but then, perhaps, it was not particularly difficult to be more sensitive than Kneller.

We seem to be able to claim a much greater part in the invention of mezzotint than used to be thought possible. Prince Rupert was said to have had something to do with the invention, but, in default of definite evidence, the honour was usually given to Ludwig von Seigen. Now Miss Orovida Pissarro, granddaughter of Camille, tells me that she has recently translated some letters from Prince Rupert himself, which leave no doubt upon the point. If my memory is not at fault—and I'm writing this far from the Diary—John Evelyn credits him with the invention, and it would appear that after all these years Evelyn is now proved to be right.

To keep us in our place though, the show is not confined wholly to portraits of the British by the British, any more than that at Burlington House, and it is good to see a line engraving of Evelyn by Robert Nanteuil (to many the greatest of the French seventeenth-century engravers), the drawing for which, dated 1650, is to be seen at Burlington House. The diary for June of that year records the sitting for the portrait in Paris, and for November the gift by the artist of the drawing, which has remained in the family collection ever since. Our own William Faithorne was a friend of Nanteuil and, one would guess, learnt much from him. We can hardly place him on a par with the Frenchman, who, though perhaps rather coldly correct, gives the impression of never making a mark out of place, but he is interesting as the first English portrait engraver. Then there is Wenzel Hollar, that most admirable



"THOMAS CORAM (1668-1751)," A MEZZOTINT BY JAMES McARDELL (C. 1710-1765) AFTER HOGARTH'S MAGNIFICENT PORTRAIT AT THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL, WHICH IS NOW TO BE SEEN AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY WINTER EXHIBITION. THE EXHIBITION OF BRITISH PORTRAIT PRINTS—A MOST INTERESTING SUPPLEMENT TO THE WINTER EXHIBITION—CONTINUES AT MESSRS. COLNAGHI'S, 14, OLD BOND STREET, UNTIL JANUARY 26.



"AN ADMIRABLE PERFORMANCE, IN WHICH THE TONES FROM WHITE TO NEAR BLACK ARE RENDERED WITH REMARKABLE FIDELITY": "DRAWING FROM THE GLADIATOR," A MEZZOTINT BY WILLIAM PETHER (1739-1821), AFTER JOSEPH WRIGHT, WHO IS SHOWN ON THE RIGHT OF THE PICTURE. FRANK DAVIS WRITES ABOUT THIS EXHIBITION, IN WHICH THERE ARE SIXTY-FIVE PRINTS, RANGING FROM THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY TO THE PRESENT DAY, IN HIS ARTICLE THIS WEEK.

man or after him will be interested in the catalogue note. The argument revolves round the point that, as the watermark on some of the impressions is Whatman 1820, the lithographs must have been made in the studio of the publisher Charles Hullmandel, who started business only in 1818,

CHINNERY, COTMAN, COZENS AND TOWNE: FROM A LONDON EXHIBITION.



"POSILIPPO," ONE OF AN IMPRESSIVE GROUP OF WATER-COLOURS BY FRANCIS TOWNE (1740-1816) IN THE 84th ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS AT MESSRS. THOS. AGNEW AND SONS, 43, OLD BOND STREET. (7½ by 10½ ins.)



"ROCHESTER CASTLE," BY JOHN SELL COTMAN (1782-1842). BORN IN NORWICH, COTMAN WENT TO LONDON IN 1798. HE WAS BEFRIENDED BY DR. MONRO, WHO INTRODUCED HIM TO THE WORK OF TURNER AND GIRTIN. (8 by 12 ins.)



"THE LAKE OF THUN AND UNTERSEEN," BY JOHN ROBERT COZENS (C. 1752-97) WHO WAS THE SON OF ALEXANDER COZENS. (9½ by 14 ins.)



"LONDON FROM GREENWICH HILL"; ANOTHER OF THE FINE GROUP OF WATER-COLOURS BY J. R. COZENS WHICH IS INCLUDED IN THIS EXHIBITION. (14½ by 20½ ins.)



"THE THAMES FROM RICHMOND HILL"; COZENS' INTERPRETATION OF A VIEW WHICH HAS BROUGHT INSPIRATION TO MANY ARTISTS. (14½ by 20½ ins.)



"CHINESE FISHERMEN," BY GEORGE CHINNERY, R.H.A. (1774-1852), WHO SPENT MANY YEARS WORKING IN INDIA AND CHINA. (4½ by 6½ ins.)

The 84th Annual Exhibition of Water-Colour Drawings at Messrs. Thos. Agnew's is dominated by groups of outstanding works by two of the leading British artists in this medium, Francis Towne and John Robert Cozens. While Towne, who had lived a retired life and sold few of his drawings, was largely forgotten until relatively recent research brought him acclaim as one of the greatest of English water-colour artists, J. R. Cozens, who enjoyed powerful patronage during his lifetime, has always been upheld as one of the most influential figures in the development of our water-colour school. The son of Alexander Cozens, who had been born in Russia and became a successful drawing master, John learnt a great deal from his father and gained valuable patronage through him. In 1776-79 he travelled via Switzerland to Italy,

with Payne Knight, a famous critic and connoisseur. J. R. Cozens was greatly influenced by his Continental travels and found inspiration both in the scenery and in his contact with the foreign artists he met, and the romantic tradition in which they were then working. A second visit to the Continent in 1782-83, in the remarkable train of William Beckford, resulted in even richer and more colourful work. In 1794 Cozens became insane and he died three years later in Dr. Monro's asylum. Dr. Monro was directly responsible for Cozens' strong influence on the next generation of water-colour artists, for he employed J. M. W. Turner and Girtin in copying Cozens' drawings, and provided them with the opportunity of studying his work. The first edition of this interesting exhibition at Agnew's is to continue until January 28.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE subject of cats can be endless. This time the story is slightly off the beaten track. It is generally accepted by zoologists that the ordinary domesticated cat was derived originally from the Bush Cat or Caffer Cat (*Felis libyca*). Yet the usual statement made about this cat is that it is quite untamable, no matter how early it is taken and hand-reared. Against this background of conflicting assertions a letter from my friend Miss Evelyn Stephenson, of West Horsley, Surrey, assumes a special importance. With her permission I quote:

Sammy was born in the Belgian Congo (Katanga Plateau) in 1914. He was brought to me by our native servants who found him in the bush which surrounded our camp. They chased the mother away and brought one kitten. He was a little spitting fury, not able properly to feed himself, but I managed to hand-rear him. He became tame in the sense that I could handle him. Other people were all afraid, as he would turn on them unless I held him. He was not confined in any way, would come at my call and follow me for quite a distance along the only so-called road that ran past our bungalow, running by my side with tail held very erect. He preferred raw meat and would growl furiously when feeding. From babyhood I trained him to lap milk also.

He would pounce on and slaughter large beetles; and on at least one occasion tackled a snake, a black mamba.

I had him for about fifteen months and in the end a leopard got him. No native chickens were safe as, if he could get at them, he killed them with ease. He would occasionally disappear into the bush for a couple of days or so, but always came back, covered in ticks. When cleaned by my efforts as well as his own, he would curl up and sleep for hours. As shown in the photograph he kept his fur in a spotless condition when "at home." He was terrified by the thunderstorms, and would hide in the darkest place he could find until the storm was over.

Fortunately, Miss Stephenson still has a photograph of Sammy, shown here. Comparing this with the two photographs of *Felis libyca* from the Parc National de la Jaramba, the following points may be noted. Sammy has white on the muzzle, throat and breast, and his legs are white. Otherwise the markings of the body

CATS WILD AND UNTAMED.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

than now, and near the copper mines. She cannot recall seeing a domesticated cat in any of the bungalows, but she had heard there was one at the mines, so the possibility of a cross cannot be ruled out. In this same conversation I was able to glean something of Sammy's tameness. It was his habit, first thing in the morning, to call on Miss Stephenson while she was still in bed, settle himself on her chest and put a paw either side of her neck. If she suddenly moved, he would strike her with his teeth. This, incidentally, is a



EITHER HE WAS "A PARTIAL ALBINO, OR HE WAS A HYBRID FROM A WILD CAT-DOMESTIC CAT CROSS": SAMMY, WHO WAS BORN IN THE BELGIAN CONGO IN 1914 AND WAS BROUGHT UP AND OWNED BY MISS EVELYN STEPHENSON.

trick we have noticed with our genet. With her it is the first sign of displeasure. The next is a bite. Sammy would grip Miss Stephenson's wrist with his teeth, but not to break the skin.

On one occasion when his "owner" was sick, Sammy settled himself on her bed. When the doctor came he objected to the cat being on the bed of a sick patient and proceeded to take hold of Sammy to eject him. On subsequent visits, although Sammy was still on the bed, the doctor ignored him.

Writing in the "Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London" in 1952 (page 861), T. C. S. Morrison-Scott gave the results of his examination of a collection of skulls of mummified cats from Gizeh, dating from approximately 600-200 B.C. During the years ending the nineteenth century and beginning the twentieth, mummified cats were dug up in large numbers at Bubastis and other places in Egypt. "They were spread upon the land as manure and also shipped abroad for the manufacture of fertilisers... a consignment of 19 tons (being) sent to England for this purpose." This alone is an indication of the extent to which the animal was mummified, but it does not show the extent to which it

was domesticated. Morrison-Scott concludes the account of his studies: "From paintings and figures it seems that *bubastis*, which was certainly domesticated, was a ginger-coloured cat, with rather long ears and legs, and with a long, ringed tail." The reference to *bubastis* we will deal with in a moment. The assertion that it was "certainly domesticated" may be open to doubt, for some of the best Egyptian pictorial representations I have seen show the cat being used for catching wild-fowl or other birds. It is the sort of hunting for

which one could imagine Miss Stephenson's Sammy being used in similar circumstances.

It is conceivable that the bush cat, or the *bubastis* variety of it, is, and was, as is usually asserted, almost untamable. We know from experiences with wolf litters, in recent years, that the cubs may vary in the degree to which they can be tamed, that the younger they are taken the more chance there is of taming them, but that some cubs are quite untamable. If we can imagine the bush cat being a few degrees less tamable still, then we can suppose that possibly only the exceptional kitten, taken at a very early age, would be tamable. Perhaps it would respond as much as Sammy did, and no more. With further breeding from such exceptional individuals, taking from their litters again only the exceptionally tamable kittens, tamability could be increased by generations of selection.

If we put Sammy's behaviour against the background of Egyptian paintings the following suggestions begin to take shape: that the *bubastis* of the Egyptians was in the early stages of domestication; that its domestication and tamability have increased progressively in the last 2000 years; that the statement about the virtual untamability of *Felis libyca*, the bush cat, can still be true. Finally, in Sammy's behaviour we can glimpse also the reason for the independent character of the present-day domesticated cat, in spite of centuries of selection, so that it is not so much domesticated as allowing the human race to adopt it.

For the significance of the word "*bubastis*" we turn back to Morrison-Scott's investigation. Comparing the characters of the 192 skulls at his disposal



WITHOUT THE WHITE WHICH SAMMY HAD ON MUZZLE, THROAT, BREAST AND LEGS: A WILD CAT (*FELIS LIBYCA*) IN THE PARC NATIONAL DE LA JARAMBA.

are those of *F. libyca*. The tail, too, is characteristic of it, as well as the markings on the face, the size and shape of the ears and the appearance of the eyes. There seem to be two possibilities, therefore: that Sammy was a partial albino, or he was a hybrid from a wild cat-domestic cat cross.

In conversation, subsequently, with Miss Stephenson, she agreed that the white markings had always puzzled her. Her camp was 2½ miles outside Elizabethville, then a much smaller place



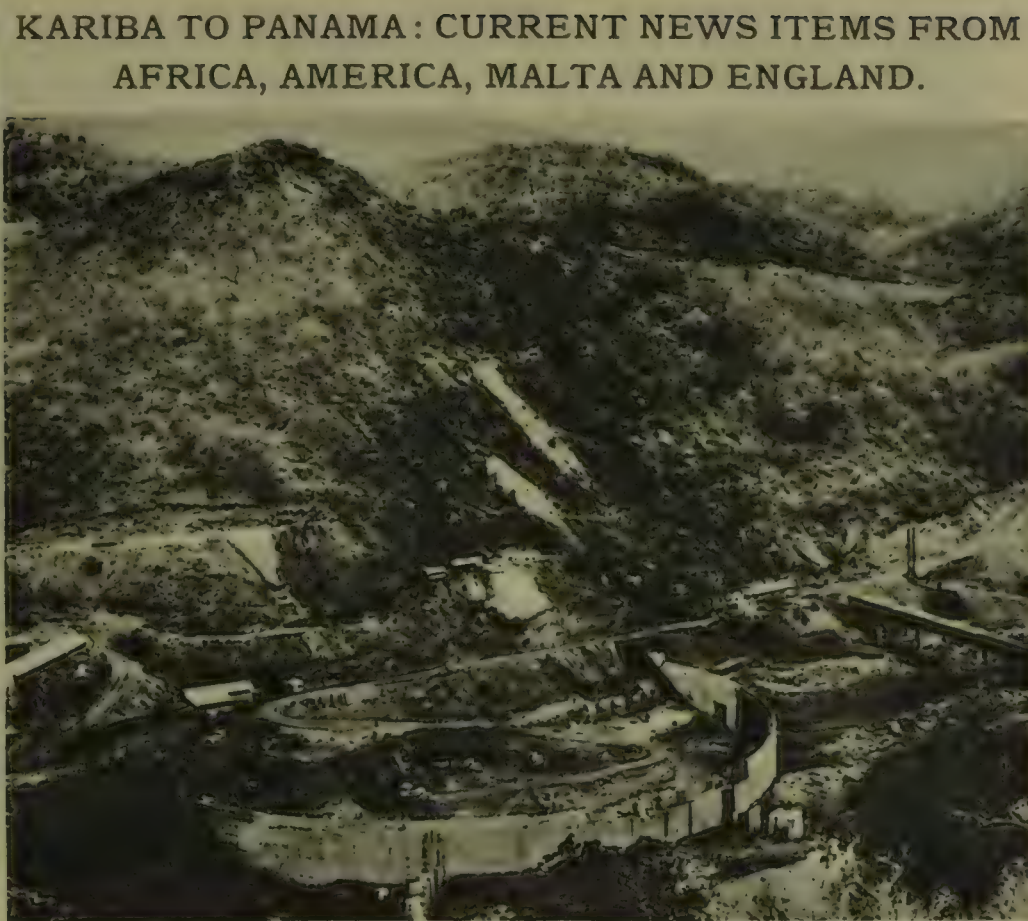
FOR COMPARISON WITH THE PHOTOGRAPH OF SAMMY: ANOTHER STUDY OF A WILD CAT (*FELIS LIBYCA*) SHOWING THE SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE TAILS OF BOTH CATS, AS WELL AS THE MARKINGS ON THE FACE, THE SIZE AND SHAPE OF THE EARS AND THE APPEARANCE OF THE EYES.

Photographs of *Felis libyca* reproduced by courtesy of the Institut des Parcs Nationaux du Congo-Belge.

he came to the conclusion that "two forms of cat were mummified. The larger form, which is not so common as a mummy, and which may or may not have been domesticated, represents *Felis chaus*." The smaller form appears "to represent one form only, the skulls of which agree closely with those of the wild *Felis libyca* Forster, from which it was probably derived. If this view is correct, this form should be known as *Felis libyca bubastis* Ehrenberg."



DIVERTING THE ZAMBEZI TO BUILD THE KARIBA DAM: THE DIVERSION TUNNEL THROUGH WHICH THE RIVER WILL FLOW.



ANOTHER VIEW ILLUSTRATING PROGRESS MADE ON THE KARIBA HYDRO-ELECTRIC SCHEME IN RHODESIA: ONE OF THE COFFER DAMS

The Kariba Dam, which is being built across the River Zambezi, is designed to provide hydro-electric power for the industries of Southern and Northern Rhodesia. Some 50,000 natives have had to leave their homes in the area to be flooded. The dam (but not the power stations) is expected to be complete in 1960.



RECENTLY COMPLETED: A NEW DAM IN VENEZUELA SAID TO BE NINE MILES LONG AND THE LARGEST EARTH DAM IN THE WORLD.



AN UNUSUAL SIGHT IN THE PANAMA CANAL: TWO RUSSIAN FREIGHTERS, DIVERTED FROM SUEZ. THIRTEEN MORE RUSSIAN SHIPS ARE DUE THROUGH PANAMA THIS MONTH. ONE OF THE SHIPS WAS ON ITS WAY TO LONDON.



TRANSFERRED TO THE SOUTH AFRICAN NAVY: THE ANTI-SUBMARINE FRIGATE VRYSTAAT, FORMERLY H.M.S. WRANGLER.

On January 10 the anti-submarine frigate *Vrystaat*, formerly H.M.S. *Wrangler*, was ceremonially transferred to the South African Navy at Devonport. The ship was acquired as part of the Union programme of naval expansion.



AT THE END OF HIS APPOINTMENT AS C-IN-C, MEDITERRANEAN: ADMIRAL SIR GUY GRANTHAM BEING "ROWED ASHORE" IN THE TRADITIONAL MANNER AT MALTA ON JANUARY 7.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

THE ROMANCE OF A ROSE.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

A MONTH or two ago I planted in my garden a sturdy little rose bush. Nothing very remarkable about that, you may say. Wait. It is a rose

which is known to-day as the "Omar Khayyam" rose, and it has a truly remarkable and romantic history, dating back some seventy-two years, and connected, incidentally, at its earliest point, with *The Illustrated London News*.

My "Omar Khayyam" rose was given to me by my good friend Frank Knight, who is now Superintendent of the Royal Horticultural Society's garden at Wisley, and was formerly manager of Messrs. Notcutt's Woodbridge Nursery, in Suffolk, and it is thanks to his skill and initiative that the rose was rescued at the eleventh hour from a lingering death and extinction. A full and most interesting historical account of the introduction of the "Omar Khayyam" rose, by Frank Knight, appeared among "Notes from Fellows," in the *Journal of The Royal Horticultural Society* of May 1948, and this was followed in the journal, in December 1949, by a further note, a sort of late bulletin, telling of the rose's safe and sure re-establishment in cultivation. I should add that the Omar Khayyam Club, and especially the late Lord Horder, who was a member of the club, took an active part in resuscitating the all-but-dead "Omar Khayyam" rose. In giving a brief summary of the history of the introduction of the "Omar Khayyam" rose I must rely, for facts and details, upon Frank Knight's notes in the R.H.S. Journal, and would thank him here and now for this essential help.

In the historical introduction to Ellen Willmott's "The Genus Rosa," J. G. Baker tells how William Simpson, artist-traveller of *The Illustrated London News*, brought home from Nishapore a rose hip, collected from a bush which grew on the grave of the astronomer-poet, Omar Khayyam. It seems that Simpson gave this rose hip to Mr. Bernard Quaritch in 1884, who, in turn, passed it on to Mr. Baker, at that time First Assistant at the Herbarium, at the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, and a plant was raised from the seeds that it contained and was identified as *Rosa damascena*. It was recorded in the "Kew Hand List of Trees and Shrubs" as *Rosa d., var. "Omar Khayyam."* The flowers were double, pink, and sweetly-scented, and the parent plant, growing on Omar Khayyam's grave, was assumed to belong to a long-cultivated race, as *Rosa damascena* has apparently never been found in the wild state. Later, a plant raised from a cutting from the original Kew seedling was planted on the grave of Edward Fitzgerald, the translator of "The Rubáiyát," in Boulge Churchyard, near Woodbridge, in Suffolk.

In 1944, a few years after he went to live at Woodbridge, Frank Knight was asked by the secretary of the Omar Khayyam Club to do what he could to rejuvenate the rose on Fitzgerald's grave, and perhaps to propagate a new one. The plant bush had got into a sad state of health and decrepitude, due partly to old age, but largely, no doubt, to the depredations of souvenir-hunters taking cuttings from it. Knight cut away all the dead wood on the old bush, but feared that he had been called in too late. The first attempt at grafting a few weakly shoots failed owing to misadventure. In July 1947 members of the Omar Khayyam Club made one of their periodical pilgrimages to Woodbridge, and after lunching with them Knight accompanied them to inspect the sick



"THE ROSE OF YESTERDAY": THE "OMAR KHAYYAM" ROSE, WHOSE ROMANTIC STORY MR. ELLIOTT RETELLS ON THIS PAGE, AND WHICH IS NOW SECURELY ESTABLISHED IN ENGLAND.

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

"Omar Khayyam" rose was quite literally "snatched from the grave"—its own and Fitzgerald's.

Meanwhile, the only remaining specimen of the "Omar Khayyam" rose at Kew Gardens had got into a poor state of health. But steps were being taken—as at Woodbridge—to raise new and healthy stock. In his supplementary note in the journal of the R.H.S., December 1949, Frank Knight had good news to report, for both at the Royal Botanic

Gardens, Kew, and at the Woodbridge Nursery success had rewarded the efforts to restore the "Omar Khayyam" rose to cultivation in a state of health and vigour, and now there need be no fear of its disappearing from cultivation. A new young plant was sent from Kew to take the place of the old one at the head of Fitzgerald's grave, and this apparently has settled down in a satisfactory manner. I have not seen the "Omar Khayyam" rose in flower, but one of the photographs which appeared in the journal of the R.H.S. shows it to be a most attractive thing, the rather flat, slightly rumpled double flowers having a distinct central swirl of petals.

I have read somewhere that in Persia Omar Khayyam is not thought much of as a poet. That perhaps is just a case of a prophet in his own country. But without doubt Fitzgerald's translation of "The Rubáiyát" has been greatly and widely appreciated by an astonishingly varied English-speaking public. And can one wonder? I first made the acquaintance of "The Rubáiyát" at the age of twenty-one or so. Someone

gave me a charming little edition, no larger than a slender prayer-book, when I was leading a shaggy life knocking about on fruit farms at The Cape, and putting in anything up to fourteen, fifteen or sixteen hours of work a day. Naturally, I had little time for reading, but the easy music of Fitzgerald's quatrains, and the luscious hedonism and fatalism of old Omar fascinated me. I lapped it up hungrily then, and to this day verses or lines from the verses are constantly cropping up in my mind, just as melodies and phrases from great and lovely music are apt to crop up. But it has sometimes astonished me to find what seemingly unlikely people become Omar addicts.

I think the strangest case of all was that of a very pretty blonde whom I met some years ago. She was almost certainly what might be called a dyed-in-the-wool blonde. Anyway, if she was not dyed in the wool, there were

times when she apparently darkened the roots. She was, moreover, that strange type which is, at the same time, hard-boiled and half-baked. But she adored her "Rubáiyát"—or some of it. Doubtless, she appreciated the easy, lush, let-us-eat-drink-and-be-merry-for-to-morrow-we-die philosophy of Omar translated by Fitzgerald into such delicious melody. And yet, and yet, she did not always grasp it all quite correctly. I found that among other lines which she especially liked were:

Oh Thou, who didst with Pitfall and
with Gin
Beset the Road I was to wander in,
Thou wilt not with Predestination
round
Enmesh me, and impute my Fall to Sin.

But it was perhaps not altogether surprising to find that she quite seriously thought that the gin referred to was the "Dry London" liquid which one associates with "French" or "It" or "tonic." But she was a dear "thou," with no Fall, I am very sure, which could be imputed either to gin or sin.



"THE TOMB OF OMAR KHAYYUM, THE PERSIAN POET, AT NISHAPORE," FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST-CORRESPONDENT OF THE TIME, WILLIAM SIMPSON.

Reproduced from "The Illustrated London News" of January 24, 1885.

As we reported at the time, "Our artist, in his brief stay at Nishapore . . . where Omar Khayyum died, went to visit the tomb of the poet, of which he sends us a sketch—sending also to Mr. Quaritch a small tribute of rose-leaves plucked on the spot . . ." and also the single hip from which the present "Omar Khayyam" rose was raised.

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SOME PERSONALITIES
OF THE WEEK.

CREATED A BARON:

MR. PATRICK BUCHAN-HEPBURN.

Mr. Patrick Buchan-Hepburn, who is fifty-five, and who was Minister of Works in the former Cabinet, has been created a Baron on the formation of the new Cabinet. The post is no longer a Cabinet post. There will be a by-election at Beckenham following his elevation. Mr. Buchan-Hepburn, who was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, was Parliamentary Secretary to the Treasury and Government Chief Whip from 1951 to 1955.



CREATED A VISCOUNT: MAJOR LLOYD-GEORGE.

Following the formation of Mr. Macmillan's new Cabinet, Major Lloyd-George, who is sixty-two, and who was formerly Home Secretary and Minister for Welsh Affairs, has now been created a Viscount. His elevation to the peerage will cause a by-election in his constituency, Newcastle on Tyne North.



CREATED A VISCOUNT: SIR WALTER MONCKTON.

Sir Walter Monckton, who was Paymaster-General in Sir Anthony Eden's Cabinet, has been created a Viscount on the formation of the new Cabinet. He is sixty-six. The post of Paymaster-General is no longer in the Cabinet. There will be a by-election at Bristol West following his elevation.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS
IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

APPOINTED A COMPANION OF HONOUR:

MR. JAMES STUART.

Mr. James Stuart, who had been Secretary of State for Scotland since 1951, has been appointed a Companion of Honour on the formation of the new Cabinet. Mr. Stuart, who is fifty-nine, has been M.P. for Moray and Nairn since 1923. He served in the First World War, in which he won the M.C. and Bar. He was Opposition Chief Whip from 1945-48 and Joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Treasury and Government Chief Whip from 1941-45.

A FORMER B.B.C. DIRECTOR-GENERAL: THE
LATE SIR CECIL GRAVES.

Sir Cecil Graves, who was Joint Director-General, with Mr. Robert Foot, of the B.B.C. from 1942 to 1943, when he retired through ill health, died on January 12, aged sixty-four. Educated at Sandhurst, he served in the Army until 1925, afterwards joining the B.B.C., where he played an important part as first Director of the Empire Service and as Deputy Director-General at the outbreak of war.



MR. JUSTICE SELLERS (LEFT), APPOINTED LORD JUSTICE OF APPEAL, WITH (RIGHT) MR. G. R. HINCHCLIFFE, Q.C., APPOINTED A JUDGE OF THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE. Mr. Justice Sellers has been appointed a Lord Justice of Appeal in succession to Lord Birkett, it was announced on Jan. 7. Mr. George Hinchcliffe, Q.C., it was announced on Jan. 9, has been appointed a Judge of the High Court of Justice. He will sit in the Queen's Bench Division.



PROMOTED ADMIRAL:

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR CASPAR JOHN.

Vice-Admiral Sir Caspar John, a son of the artist, Augustus John, O.M., has been promoted to the rank of Admiral, it was announced by the Admiralty on January 8. He is also to become Vice-Chief of the Naval Staff and a Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty in May. He commanded the Third Aircraft Carrier Squadron and Heavy Squadron in 1951-52, and was Deputy Controller, Aircraft, in 1953-54.



TO HEAD THE U.S. SPECIAL MISSION TO THE MIDDLE EAST: MR. RICHARDS. Mr. James P. Richards, former Chairman of the U.S. Foreign Relations Committee, has been appointed Chairman of the special mission which President Eisenhower is to send to the Middle East. Mr. Richards has been given the title of ambassador. The mission is to report on military and economic needs of the area.

A LEADING RACING DRIVER: THE
LATE MR. KENNETH WHARTON.

Mr. Kenneth Wharton, the British racing driver, was killed while competing in a sports car race during the New Zealand International Grand Prix at Auckland on January 12. Mr. Wharton, who was forty, first took part in a motor race in 1935 and during his career excelled in many different spheres of the sport.

A SHORT STORY WRITER AND POET:
THE LATE MR. A. E. COPPARD.

Alfred Edgar Coppard, the short story writer and poet, died in London at the age of seventy-nine on Jan. 13. Mr. Coppard abandoned an office clerkship after twenty-five years to write his first volume, "Adam and Eve and Pinch Me," at the age of forty-three. The best of his stories are considered among the best written in recent times.

A FAMOUS GOLFER: THE LATE
MR. REGINALD WHITCOMBE.

Mr. Reginald Whitcombe, the youngest of three brothers who have all played for Britain in the Ryder Cup, died on January 11, aged fifty-eight. His most spectacular success was scored when he won the Open championship in 1938. The weather conditions were appalling, but even so he had a final round of 76.

CHILEAN POET AND CULTURAL AMBAS-
SADOR: THE LATE GABRIELA MISTRAL.

Senorita Lucila Godoy Alcayaga, who wrote under the name of Gabriela Mistral, died in New York on Jan. 10. She started her literary activities in 1908, and wrote a number of novels as well as poetry. In 1945 she was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. In 1935 the Chilean Congress had appointed her a consul for life.

FROM A COLLAPSIBLE HELICOPTER TO THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS: NEWS FROM THREE COUNTRIES.



"A ONE-MAN COLLAPSIBLE ROTORCYCLE": THE U.S. NAVY'S NEW XROE-1 HELICOPTER IN FLIGHT, AND ALSO IN ITS COMPONENT PARTS ON THE GROUND BELOW.

This helicopter, designed and made by Hiller Helicopters of California for the U.S. Navy, is designed for easy transportation or dropping by parachute. It weighs less than 250 lb. and is powered by a 4-cylinder petrol engine; and can be easily assembled or dismantled.



A CHURCHYARD WHICH IS TO BECOME A DOCK FOR LARGE OIL TANKERS: THAT OF ST. MARY'S, BIRKENHEAD, NOW BOUGHT UNDER A COMPULSORY PURCHASE ORDER.

A high wall is being erected round this churchyard; and under medical supervision the remains of about 19,000 people buried there are to be disinterred and moved elsewhere, since the site is shortly to become a dock for Cammell, Laird and Co., Ltd. The church was built in 1821 near the ruins of a Benedictine Priory, which, it is said, will not be disturbed.



THE U.S. ARMY SIGNALS' PORTABLE TELEVISION CAMERA-TRANSMITTER UNIT, WHICH WEIGHS 58 LB. AND WILL BE USED TO RECORD THE PRESIDENT'S INAUGURATION.



WINNER OF THE DUKE OF BEDFORD CUP AT THE NATIONAL EXHIBITION OF CAGE BIRDS: MR. R. SAWYER'S RACQUET-TAILED PARROT—THE BEST PARROT-LIKE BIRD SHOWN.

The thirteenth National Exhibition of Cage Birds and Aquaria was held in the National Hall, Olympia, from January 10 to 12. This year the Supreme Trophy, for the best exhibit in the show, was won by an opaline budgerigar owned by Mr. H. Bryan, of Sutton Coldfield. The Duke of Bedford Memorial Trophy for the best parrot-like bird was won by Mr. Raymond Sawyer's racquet-tailed parrot.



AT OLYMPIA: SIR RICHARD HADDON (LEFT) PRESENTING THE CUP FOR THE BEST BIRD IN THE SHOW TO MR. H. BRYAN, WHOSE OPALINE BUDGERIGAR WON THE SUPREME TROPHY.



HEELING OVER IN DRY DOCK: THE NORWEGIAN LINER *OSLOFJORD* DURING THE MISHAP AT HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY. HER CREW WERE EVACUATED BUT THE SHIP WAS UNDAMAGED.

On January 10, the Norwegian-American cruise liner *Oslofjord* (16,844 tons), during maintenance work at Hoboken, heeled over to an angle of 25 degs. when part of the floating dock in which she was lying sank. The crew of 200 were taken off but the ship itself was undamaged.



WHERE "MUHAMMED THE WOLF" FOUND THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS: THE ENTRANCES TO THE CAVE IN THE CLIFF ON THE SHORE OF THE DEAD SEA.

The Dead Sea scrolls, those miraculously preserved manuscripts, which have provided the earliest Biblical sources and commentaries known, reached the scholars by complex and devious routes. They are believed to have been written at the Essene Monastery at Qumran beside the Dead Sea and hidden in various caves. The cave shown on the west shore is believed to be the site of the first discovery by a Bedouin goat-herd boy in 1947.

RECORDED BY THE CAMERA: A NEWS MISCELLANY FROM HOME AND ABROAD.



IN TUNIS: M. BOURGUIBA (RIGHT) AND M. MUSTAPHA BEN HALIM SIGNING A TREATY OF ALLIANCE BETWEEN TUNISIA AND LIBYA.

On January 6 the Libyan Prime Minister, M. Mustapha Ben Halim, and M. Bourguiba, the Tunisian Prime Minister, signed a treaty of brotherhood and good neighbourliness providing for close co-operation between the two countries. It was reported that the two Prime Ministers had also discussed the Algerian question.



AT THE KREMLIN: THE SOVIET-EAST GERMAN AGREEMENT BEING SIGNED BY MARSHAL BULGANIN (RIGHT) AND HERR GROTEWOHL.

On Jan. 7 Soviet and East German leaders announced the results of their four-day talks in Moscow. Marshal Bulganin and Herr Grotewohl, the East German Premier, signed a joint declaration governing the future relations between the two governments. Under the agreement Russia grants "complete air and visa sovereignty" to the German Democratic Republic in East Germany.



A SHOCKING ACT AT PORT SAID: YOUNG EGYPTIAN HOOLIGANS DESTROYING THE ANZAC WAR MEMORIAL.

In our issue of January 5 we published a photograph of the Anzac War Memorial in Port Said which was recently destroyed by the Egyptians. This shows the shameful scene as hooligans overturned the memorial.



SHORTLY TO GO INTO B.O.A.C. SERVICE BETWEEN LONDON AND JOHANNESBURG: THE "WHISPERING GIANT," THE BRISTOL BRITANNIA TURBOPROP AIRLINER AT SALISBURY, RHODESIA. The engine icing troubles which held up the service date of the Bristol Britannia airliner have now been cured and this remarkable turbo-prop aircraft, which can carry up to 100 passengers and is so silent that it is known as the "Whispering Giant," goes into service on February 1. In a recent test flight the Britannia flew from London to Rome in 2 hours 52 mins., 28 minutes faster than schedule.



M. GUY MOLLET (CENTRE) READING THE FRENCH DECLARATION ON ALGERIA ON JANUARY 9. (LEFT) M. ROBERT LACOSTE AND (RIGHT) M. CHAMPEIX.

On January 9, in Paris, M. Mollet read his Government's "statement of intentions" on Algeria. The main points were: France would not abandon Algeria, that the question was a domestic one, that U.N. is not competent to deal with it and that future settlement will be based on co-existence in equality of Muslims and French.



THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON'S FUND REACHES ITS £2,000,000 TARGET: SIR CULLUM WELCH HOLDING CHEQUES WHICH RAISED THE FUND TO THIS FIGURE.

With the presentation of several large cheques on January 9 the Lord Mayor of London's National Hungarian and Central European Relief Fund passed its £2,000,000 target. The original appeal was launched two months before. The Lord Mayor is not closing the appeal as another 5000 Hungarians may be coming to Britain.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

GARDEN AND FOREST.

By J. C. TREWIN.

IF I am asked to choose the best play of 1956—and, with relish, I do hereby ask myself—my answer is "The Chalk Garden." Very few modern works can stand up to three visits. But I have met Enid Bagnold's play thrice, and hope to go on seeing it, and listening to some of the most civilised, balanced, intricately-judged theatrical dialogue of our period. The text* is now accessible. With it, one can give performance after performance in the mind, though only a complacent reader is likely to satisfy himself that he has found the intonations of Dame Edith Evans (she reminds me of a sunny morning flicked by a capricious, gusty breeze), of any of the three players of Miss Madrigal, or of Felix Aylmer's Judge who, unlike so many stage Judges, could very well adorn the scarlet and ermine.

Even so, I am vain enough to hug an illusion that now and then the very tones of the Haymarket rise from my text: those of Dame Edith saying "It's as though the gods went rook-shooting when one was walking confident in the park of the world," or "The door was closed. . . . One is not at one's best through mahogany"; or Dame Peggy Ashcroft's dismissive yet yielding calm towards the end of the play; or now—in the same part—Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies's steady reply to the Judge. "I shall continue to explore—the astonishment of living."

Miss Ffrangcon-Davies is an artist of great sensibility: her performance develops through the night. It is a compliment to her to say that, at the last, I wanted intensely to know what would happen in that house by the chalk garden in years ahead: a compliment, also, to Dame Edith, whose Mrs. St. Maugham is quite clearly waiting for us to call on her in her Sussex manor; and, especially, to the dramatist who has added these characters to the repertory of our English theatre.

Dame Peggy, who won the *Evening Standard* award as best actress of the year, for her Miss Madrigal—the best actor was, rightly, Paul Scofield in "The Power and the Glory"—is now to return to Stratford-upon-Avon. Simultaneously, the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre and the Old Vic have announced rich programmes: 1957, for the Shakespearean, is a resplendent year.

A thirty-five-week Stratford season (longest on record—how Barry Sullivan would blink!) opens on Tuesday, April 2. The play is "As You Like It," yet Another Part of the Forest, in which Dame Peggy will be acting Rosalind for the first time since Sickert sketched her at the Vic twenty-five years ago. Glen Byam Shaw directs as he did in 1952 when Margaret Leighton was Rosalind and Arden, at first, was winter-bound. Next comes "King John" (April 16), staged by Douglas Seale, recognised as the modern master-in-chief of the Shakespeare histories. He has Robert Harris as King John, Joan Miller as Constance, and Alec

Clunes as Faulconbridge, which means that Stratford has thought about its voices this season. (I hope, by the way, that the small part of Elinor will be cast strongly: she is John's evil inspiration, "the mother-Queen, an Até stirring him to blood and strife.")

and the Miranda, who must be an uncommonly good listener, is Doreen Aris: this fine actress is fit for more exacting parts than her Stratford three—the others are Blanch of Spain and Phebe.

APPEARING AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON AND THE OLD VIC DURING THE 1957 SEASON.



MISS BARBARA JEFFORD.

A young actress and R.A.D.A. Bancroft Gold Medallist, who was extremely successful in the Shakespeare heroines at Stratford. In her first Vic season she has played Imogen, Beatrice and Portia, and now goes on to play Julia and Lady Anne. Photograph by Angus McBean.



MR. ALEC CLUNES.

One of our best Shakespearean and classical actors, he last appeared at Stratford in 1939. His Henry V (Old Vic, 1951) is regarded as one of the finest of our time. His Stratford parts are three he has not acted before: Faulconbridge, Brutus and Caliban. Photograph by Houston Rogers.



MISS JOAN MILLER.

A Canadian by birth, and an actress of power, she is the wife of the English producer, Peter Cotes. She is to act Constance ("King John"), Portia ("Julius Caesar") and the Queen in "Cymbeline" at Stratford, where she is to appear for the first time. Photograph by Denis de Marney.



MR. KEITH MICHELL.

Well known at Stratford, where he was Macduff in the 1955 "Macbeth." He played Ronald Duncan's Don Juan in the spring of 1956 for the English Stage Company at the Court. He has been playing Benedick at the Vic, and will be Antony in "Antony and Cleopatra."



DAME PEGGY ASHCROFT.

A distinguished actress who has been playing recently in "The Chalk Garden" and "The Good Woman of Setzuan." It was at the Old Vic, twenty-five years ago, that she last played Rosalind and Imogen, her two Stratford parts this season. Photograph by Angus McBean.



SIR JOHN GIELGUD.

Appearing at present in Coward's "Nude With Violin," at the Globe. He will appear (in August) as Prospero in "The Tempest," at Stratford; he acted the part at the Old Vic in May 1940. Peter Brook is to direct, design, and compose the music. Photograph by Angus McBean.



MISS MARGARET WHITING.

A twenty-four-year-old actress from Bristol, who was the Bancroft Gold Medallist of R.A.D.A. She has appeared at the Liverpool Playhouse. Her most notable London parts were in "Darkling Child" (Arts), and (a smaller part) in "Uncertain Joy." She is to play Cleopatra at the Old Vic.



MR. ROBERT HELPMANN.

Born in South Australia in 1909, won fame as a ballet dancer. He is now a classical actor. He played leads at Stratford in 1948. He is to play Shylock at the Vic, also Launce (in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona") and Richard the Third. He is also to produce "Antony and Cleopatra."

"Julius Caesar" (May 28) is produced by Mr. Shaw, with Alec Clunes as Brutus—here is gold for one of our very best classic actors—Richard Johnson as Mark Antony, and Geoffrey Keen as Cassius. The summer proceeds to "Cymbeline" (July 2; Dame Peggy as Imogen, the nonpareil; Peter Hall, producer), and, at length, to the arrival of Sir John Gielgud as Prospero in "The Tempest" (August 13). The protean Peter Brook is director, composer, and designer; Alec Clunes is Caliban,

more potential complications? Finally, Mr. Helpmann plays Gloucester in "Richard the Third" towards the end of May; Barbara Jefford as Lady Anne. For 1957-58—final year of the Plan—we are promised "King Lear," "Henry the Eighth," "Measure for Measure," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and, it is hoped (certainly I hope), the extra-Folio "Pericles." All parts here, then, of that matchless forest, enchanted garden, and resounding shore: already collectors thumb their calendars.

THE ART OF THE SILVERSMITH: MASTERPIECES TO BE AUCTIONED IN LONDON.



THREE OUTSTANDING PIECES OF FOREIGN SILVER IN THE TREDEGAR SALE AT SOTHEBY'S ON JANUARY 24: (L. TO R.) AN ENGRAVED DUTCH SILVER-GILT CUP (PROBABLY DEVENTER, c. 1695), A SWISS PINEAPPLE CUP, BY HANS JACOB BULLINGER II, OF ZURICH (c. 1665), AND A GERMAN SILVER-GILT CUP OF c. 1670.
(Height of cup in centre: 13½ ins.)



THREE GERMAN PIECES FROM THE TREDEGAR COLLECTION: (L. TO R.) A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY PARCEL-GILT BEAKER MADE IN COLOGNE, A SILVER-GILT STANDING CUP MADE IN NUREMBERG BY HANS ULRICH (OR UTEN) IN c. 1695, AND AN EARLY SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY SILVER-GILT TANKARD.
(Height of cup in centre: 13½ ins.)



GEORGE III GOLD CUP AND COVER MADE IN 1782: A FINE PIECE FROM THE TREDEGAR COLLECTION BEARING AN INSCRIPTION TO SIR CHARLES GOULD. (Height: 17 ins.)



THE LAST OF 136 LOTS IN THE SALE OF THE TREDEGAR COLLECTION AT SOTHEBY'S: A RARE ELIZABETHAN SILVER-GILT TAZZA MADE IN 1599. (Height: 6 ins.)



A MASTERPIECE BY PAUL DE LAMERIE: AN ORNATE GEORGE II CUP AND COVER ENGRAVED WITH THE ARMS OF SIR CHARLES GOULD AND MADE IN 1739. (Height: 14 ins.)



TO BE SOLD AT SOTHEBY'S ON FEBRUARY 7: A HISTORIC SWEDISH SILVER KALLSKÅL MADE IN STOCKHOLM BY JOHAN JONSSON HOLM (ACTIVE 1713-36) IN ABOUT 1715. (Width: 17½ ins.)



EMBOSSED WITH AN ELABORATE DESIGN SYMBOLISING THE TRIUMPH OF THE SWEDISH ARMIES: THE COVER OF THE KALLSKÅL WHICH WAS MADE TO COMMEMORATE THE VICTORIOUS RETURN IN 1714 OF CHARLES XII FROM HIS NORTHERN WARS.

Outstanding among the sales to be held in London this month will be that at Messrs. Sotheby's on January 24, when Lord Tredegar's important collection of English and Continental silver and gold plate comes under the hammer. Nine pieces from this sale are illustrated here, including one of the two rare Elizabethan pieces, the exquisite little silver-gilt tazza, mounted in the centre with a beautifully modelled figure of a swan on a wave-ornamented ground. The other Elizabethan piece is a parcel-gilt, bell-shaped salt of the year 1598. The collection is rich in Georgian pieces, including two by the great Huguenot

silversmith, Paul de Lamerie. An unusual feature of this sale is that, as well as such fine individual pieces, it will include several lots of table silver. Two weeks later, on February 7, Messrs. Sotheby's are to hold another important sale of silver. On this occasion the outstanding piece will be the very rare Swedish parcel-gilt Kallskål, which is illustrated here. The Kallskål (bowl and cover) is a purely Swedish form of vessel, made to hold punch. This historic piece, which comes from a private collection in England, is a magnificent example of 18th-century Swedish craftsmanship.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

FORTUNATELY one doesn't realise that unusual stories are so scarce, till an unusual story turns up. It needn't have made a great stir; those that do are commonly more striking, or in some cases more pretentious than the average, but not very different. Whereas "The Cashier," by Gabrielle Roy (Heinemann; 15s.), seems bone-deep different. Yet it will be tricky to explain why. For its theme is familiar to the point of exhaustion: simply the tragi-comedy of the "little man" battling with the modern world. The writer is French-Canadian; and her "little man," Alexandre Chenevert, works in a Montreal bank. On the jacket he is described as "outwardly tetchy, inwardly filled with humane preoccupations about the state of the world, the chances of war, the underfed millions of Asia . . . never discussing them with others, never revealing to his wife the reasons for the tension which keeps him awake at night. . . ."

That, however, would be too much of a good thing. True enough, Alexandre suffers from insomnia—and from dyspepsia, and headaches, and all sorts of miseries. He worries exhaustively and ludicrously about the news. He also worries about his health, his lost umbrella and his insurance payments. He has left off imparting world-cares to Eugénie, and set her down as a dull, unfeeling woman; on the other hand, he is for ever attempting to thrust them on his "friend" Godias, and taking bitter umbrage at the lack of result. Alexandre is not "outwardly" tetchy; he is bad-tempered, joyless, dissatisfied with all his acquaintances, yet full of brotherly love for strangers seen in the rain. . . . In short, he is Everyman. But Everyman as an individual: a puny, thin-skinned, desperately honest, and—after all—pathetically endearing figure. And Everyman *sub specie aeternitatis*; this little man embraces the whole human situation. His cogitations on the state of the world are naïve and futile—yet really no more so than other people's; his daily lunch at the cafeteria is at once a psychological comedy and a fantastic vision of the age. There are two big events. First, his yearning for a Pacific island is realised, on doctor's orders, as a short holiday in the woods; and less than two years after, he dies of an agonising disease. Lac Vert was a revelation; it gave him one perfect day—but it was also a mirage. Like every good thing in life: like his tenderness for his wife, his married daughter, his fellow-men: like all the sincere strivings of humanity. Happiness is there—but it is not available. Except in the last resort; and Alexandre's best moments are on his deathbed.

You may well think it sounds dreary. Yet if so, you could not be further wrong.

OTHER FICTION.

"Here Be Dragons," by Stella Gibbons (Hodder and Stoughton; 16s.), is an ample, populous, up-to-the-minute romance, largely about neo-Bohemians and Espresso bars. A strange world to Nell Sely, who has grown up in the wilds as a parson's daughter. But now poor Martin Sely has lost his faith (or so he believes) and with it his health and livelihood. Luckily he has a sister eminent in TV, and possessing a vacant house in Hampstead—Mrs. Sely's home town. The castaways move in, and Nell comes under the startling and provoking sway of her cousin John. A beautiful little boy, as his mother says: but two years younger than Nell, shady and impertinent, and given to roaming about London with a set of queerly-dressed boys and girls, who don't wash and have apparently no homes to go to. John explains that they are all pure, exquisitely-gifted, elect spirits. But John is heading for the abyss; he is going to die like Chatterton, and knows it already. And Nell has no penchant for the abyss. Her idea is to have a steady job, save money for a teashop, and not—once she has seen others doing it—give all for love. Yet the shady, impertinent boy is almost too much for her. . . .

"Roman Tales," by Alberto Moravia (Secker and Warburg; 12s. 6d.), is a collection of nineteen stories, told in the first person by—not always working men, for some are amateur thugs or spivs. The themes range from sexual comedy to crime and from the near-sinister to the outright sentimental, not to mention hybrids. They are wonderfully racy and well-contrived; and whereas it is usually best to take short stories a few at a time, these whet the appetite. I don't mean to pick and choose; but the one that made most impression on me was *The Terror of Rome*, a gangster anecdote, basically shocking, but richly funny.

In "Inspector Queen's Own Case," by Ellery Queen (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), Ellery is for once abroad, while Inspector Richard Queen, newly retired, is languishing on a visit to the police chief of Taugus, Conn. And the dried-up, "Brahminical" Humfrey and his wife, with a summer home on Nair Island, have adopted a baby—on the black market for privacy. With the child is a nurse, Jessie Sherwood, buxom though not young. And the baby dies. It looks like accident; but then Jessie declares that she saw a dirty mark on the pillow. This is now spotless; no other pillow-case can be found; and no one believes her but Richard Queen. Together they get to work—in a plain-sailing, very exciting story, slightly machine-made, and eked out with a coy, elderly romance.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THE outstanding feature of the Hastings Christmas Congress this time, to me, was not twenty-two-year-old Bent Larsen's sharing first place, for this young Dane has, throughout the last eighteen months, consistently evidenced his genius for the game. It was not Alexander's finishing last with a beggarly two points, for the hero of Hastings 1953-54 is notoriously inconsistent. It was Svetozar Gligoric's amazing finish, with two wins and a draw from his last three games—and the wins against two of his principal rivals—which raised him from fifth place to equal first. Here is his win from round seven:

RUY LOPEZ.

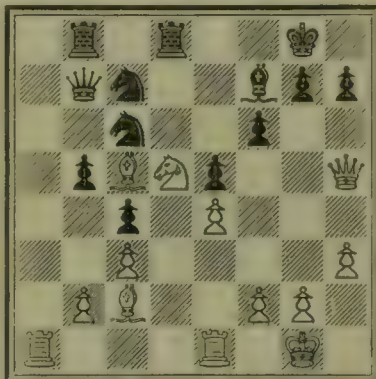
GLIGORIC	O'KELLY DE	GLIGORIC	O'KELLY DE
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-K4	P-K4	9. P-KR3	Kt-QR4
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	10. B-B2	P-B4
3. B-Kt5	P-QR3	11. P-Q4	Q-B2
4. B-R4	Kt-B3	12. QKt-Q2	Kt-B3
5. Castles	B-K2	13. P×BP	P×BP
6. R-K1	P-QKt4	14. P-QR4	R-Kt1
7. B-Kt3	P-Q3	15. P×P	P×P
8. P-B3	Castles	16. Kt-B1	B-Q3

It is a curious commentary on modern chess that all the moves played—or rather reeled off—so far are "book."

O'Kelly's 16th and 17th moves are rather passive. Better and more natural seem 16. . . . R-Qr, or 16. . . . B-K3. Black should fight against the White knight's advance to Q5.

17. B-Kt5 Kt-K1 22. Kt-Kt3 P-B5
18. Kt-K3 P-B3 23. Kt-B5 B×Kt
19. Kt-Q5 Q-Kt2 24. B×B K-R-Q1
20. B-K3 B-K3 25. Q-R5 B-B2
21. Kt-Q2 Kt-B2

Naturally not 25. . . . B×Kt; 26. P×B, R×P? because of 27. Q×RPch. This theme recurs.



26. Q-R4 Kt-K3 28. P-QKt3 Kt-B5
27. B-Kt6! R-K1 29. P×P Kt-Kt3

The point of this apparently misguided intermezzo becomes clear if we try to find a reasonable move for Black after the "obvious" 29. . . . P×P; 30. R-R4.

30. Q-Kt4 B×Kt 32. P×Kt Q×QBP
31. KP×B Q×B 33. P×P Q×BP

O'Kelly must have wished he had captured the other pawn, for "the one that got away" (the QKtP) wins the game.

34. B×Kt P×B 35. Q×P R-K2
Or 35. . . . R×P?? 36. Q×Rch—so the pawn was protected for the moment. And White threatened 36. R-R7, hence the move played.

36. QR-Kt1 R(K2)-Kt2

36. . . . R×P, to O'Kelly's consternation no doubt, again appears dubious: 37. R×R! Q×Rch; 38. K-R2 and White threatens mate (38. . . . R-KB2; 39. R-Kt8ch, R-Br; 40. R-Kt7).

37. KR-QB1 Q-Q5 38. R-B6 K-B1
Still, the pawn is taboo (38. . . . R×P; 39. R×R, R×R; 40. R-B8ch).

39. Q-B2 Q-Q2 41. R-Q1 Resigns
40. P-Kt6 K-Kt1

There is no even reasonably good square for the queen. For instance 41. . . . Q-K2; 42. R-B7, Q-Kr; 43. R(Qr)-Q7.

There can be few cartoonists who have given so much pleasure (even if that pleasure sugared a left-wing propagandist pill) as Mr. Low. In "Low's Autobiography" (Joseph; 30s.) the greatest caricaturist of our time tells the story of how the unknown young man from New Zealand came to London in 1919, and in due course made a vast impact on British public and political life. The story of his private war against Hitler and Mussolini—a war so successful that he was put on the black list for liquidation by the Gestapo if he had ever fallen into their hands—is told here for the first time, and remarkably good reading it makes. Naturally, in the pursuit of his profession, Mr. Low has come into close contact with his famous victims. As a result this autobiography contains some pen portraits of the great and not so great of our time which demonstrate that Mr. Low is as adept in the wielding of his pen as he is when using brush and pencil.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

FROM EASTERN EUROPE TO SIBERIA, AND A GREAT CARTOONIST.

UNLIKE Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart, the author of "Jan Masaryk—a Personal Memoir" (Putnam; 10s. 6d.), I never fell under the spell of the personal charm of the dead Czechoslovakian statesman. The impression he made on me was, I regret to say, of a *faux bonhomme*, and a wrong-headed one at that. His blindness (from which Dr. Beneš also suffered) to the fact that Hitler was a far greater danger than the Hapsburgs was only matched by his failure to recognise the Communist threat—a failure which cost him his life. Sir Robert, however, is in the happy position of having known Jan Masaryk intimately over a number of years, and in this moving description of that long friendship he almost persuades me that I was wrong. It is a delightful little book and an excellent piece of special pleading.

A highly topical book, though perhaps it has been a little overtaken by events, is "In Silence I Speak: Cardinal Mindszenty and Hungary's 'New Order,'" by George N. Shuster (Gollancz; 21s.). The material for this book was collected before the Hungarian rising, and the Cardinal's delivery out of Communist hands. It suffers, therefore (the Cardinal having since given his own story), from the same disadvantages as do books about Maclean and Burgess, now that the latter has spoken to Mr. Tom Driberg. Dr. Shuster is a well-known American authority on international affairs. The picture he has painted is the result of patient research and from it there emerges a vivid portrait of the Cardinal and an excellent background of Hungary as she was under the Communist heel and before the revolt. The persecution of the Church in Hungary is described in great and illuminating detail. It is, at first sight, heartening to see that there has been a concordat between the Church and Mr. Gomulka's Government in Poland. Nevertheless, having read "In Silence I Speak," doubts will be raised in the minds of readers as to whether the Communist lion can ever permanently lie down with the clerical lamb. Dr. Shuster's style is from time to time a little flamboyant for British tastes, but nevertheless this is an important and valuable document.

I must confess that I picked up "My Siberian Life," by M. A. Novomeysky (Parrish; 25s.), with a certain amount of misgiving. In the last few years there have been published so many books on the sufferings of those who fell into the hands of Stalin and his lieutenants, that one's capacity for pity has been a little sapped. Mr. Novomeysky's book is unlike the others in that it refers in the main to an earlier period than the Stalinist. The author was born in Siberia, the grandson of a political exile. He had, therefore, no love for the Czarist regime, though it is interesting to reflect how mild and tolerant the attitude of that regime was to the exiles in Siberia as compared with the ferocities of the Bolsheviks. Mr. Novomeysky, although a Jew, saw much of the inside of the Czarist regime, and as an old revolutionary was originally brought into close contact with Lenin, Trotsky and Kerensky. He tells his story interestingly and without rancour—except in his descriptions of the vile Rasputin. For the student of history, his descriptions of the White Russian regime in Siberia under Admiral Kolchak's dictatorship, will be valuable. It will make the reader wonder what might have happened if the White Russians, who at one time looked as if they had the game in their hands, had been just a little bit more intelligent, a little less savage, and a little bit more united. Mr. Novomeysky gives a concrete example. In the spring of 1919 one of the Siberian Cossack Atamans seized a large number of workers in Ekaterinburg under the pretext of a search for the man responsible for removing Alexander II's statue. "There was then a mass flogging of the seized workers. This action had quite the opposite effect to what was intended. For the skilled metalworkers of the Urals had previously been contemplating a migration eastwards, into Siberia proper. Now they changed their policy completely, and, swinging to the Bolshevik side, resolved to stay where they were and welcome the new order when it came." This was only one example of hundreds of the stupidity and shortsightedness of the White leaders. An interesting autobiography filled, as I say, with some excellent footnotes to recent history.

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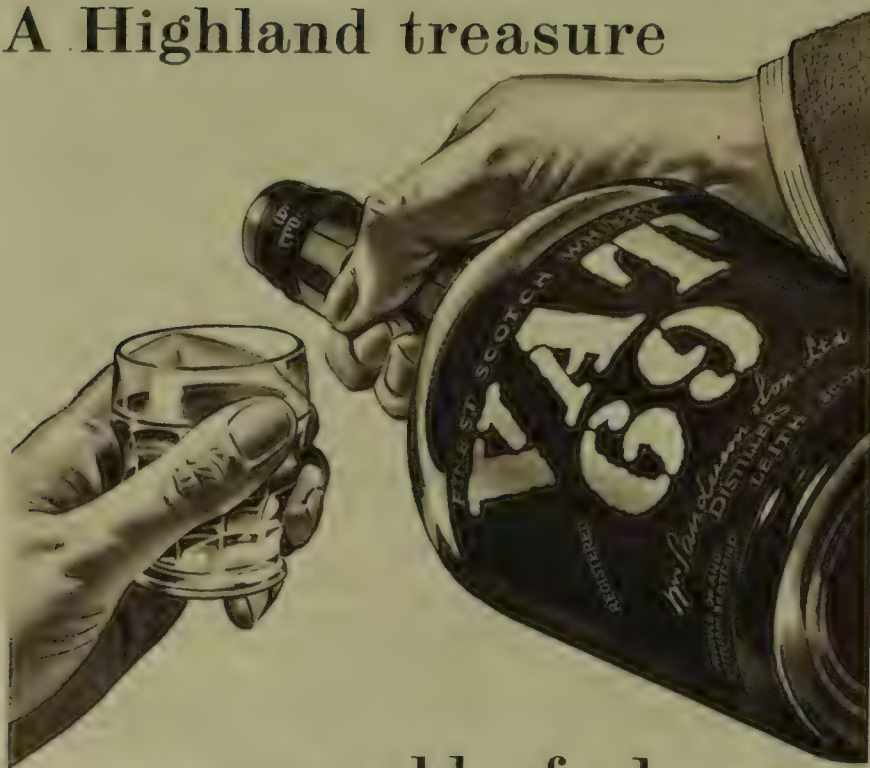
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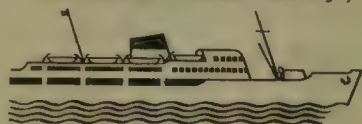


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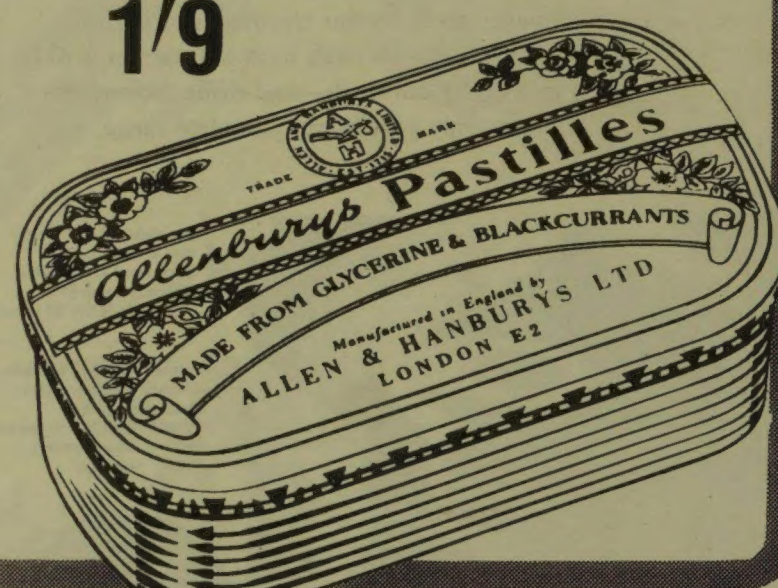
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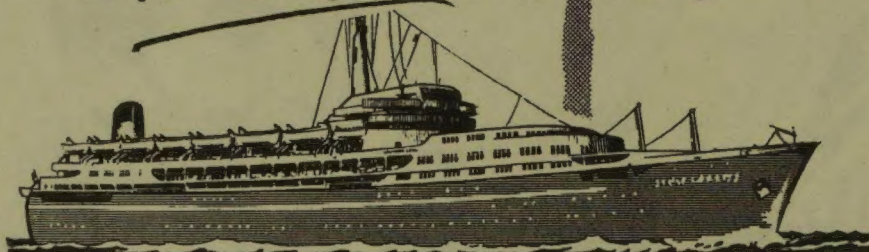
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I always say . . .

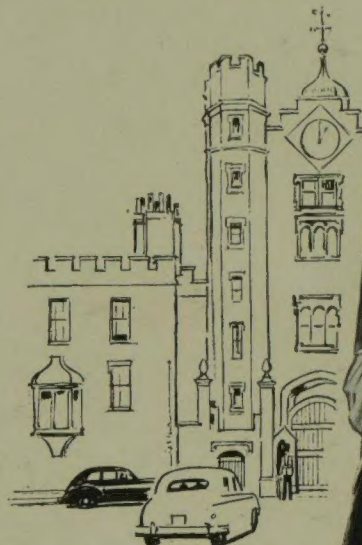
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it's a long time
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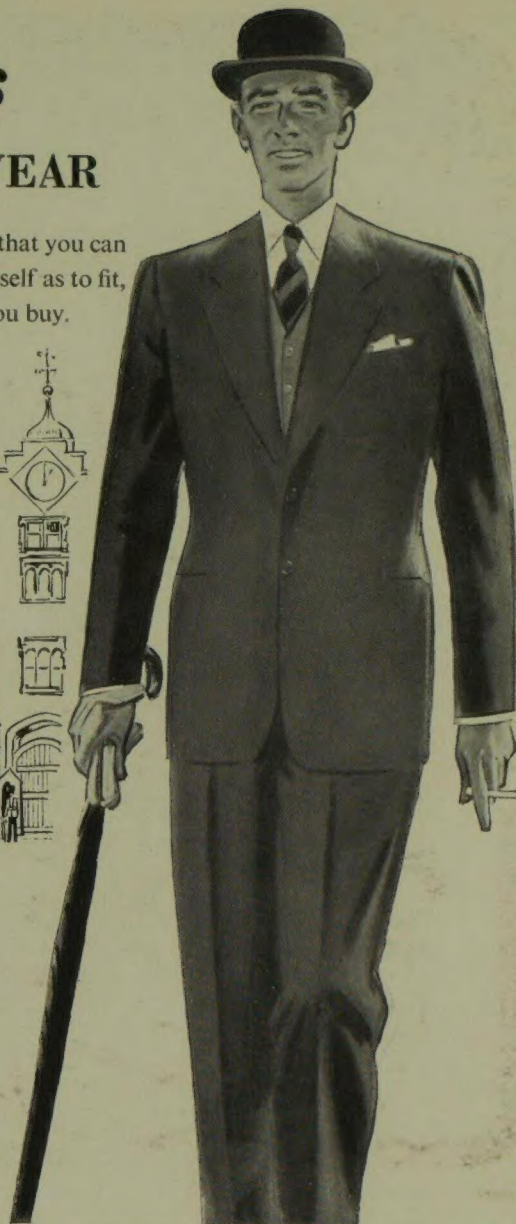
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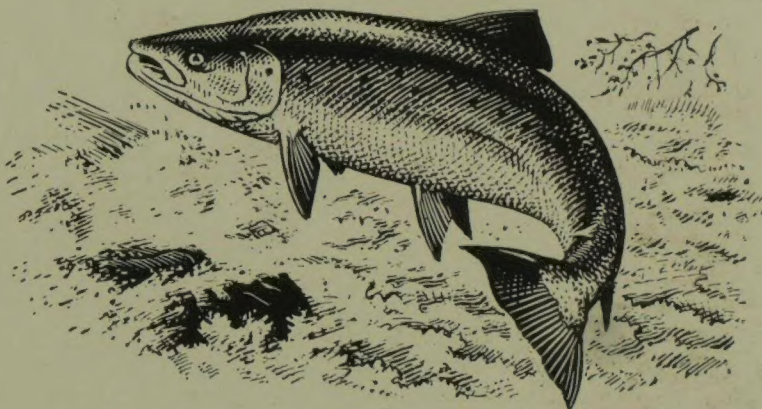
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